

GOVERNMENT NOT TO INTERVENE IN STRIKE

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

MENACING ATTITUDE OF THE BELFAST STRIKERS.



A bill with which strikers are placarding the city.



Mr. Charles McKay, chairman of Strike Committee, addressing a meeting.

The industrial situation in Belfast grows more and more serious. There have already been instances of excesses by the crowds filling the streets which indicate that an ugly



Crowd listening to a speech by Mr. McKay. Inset, Mr. Howard, one of the men's leaders.

temper is rising. Up to the present there is nothing to show that the men will abate anything of their full demands or refer them to a conference for settlement.

SCOTS WEDDING.



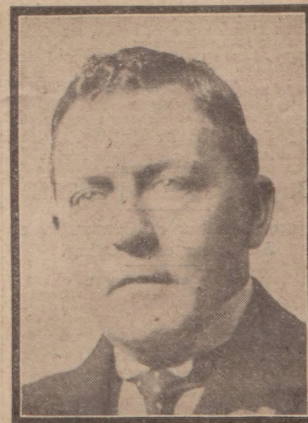
Captain Francis Ward, of the Scots Guards, married to Miss Dorothy Kinsey Peck at St. Columba's Church, London. Bride and bridegroom leaving the church.

ATTEMPTING TO PAINT FRONT LINE EMOTIONS.



An attempt to put a sensation into pictorial form. Artist's idea of how it feels to be crossing a shell-swept battle-ground. One of the pictures by Mr. Wyndham Lewis now on exhibition at the Goupil Galleries, Regent-street, London.

COCAINE CASE.



Mr. Huntley Jenkins, who has been retained to defend Mr. Reginald de Veulle against a charge of manslaughter in the "Billie Carleton" case.

A MILLION MEN FREE BY TO-DAY

Demobilisation Proceeding at Lightning Speed.

38,000 OUT IN DAY.

Can Work Be Found for All the Men Released?

The quickening of the pace of demobilisation is being maintained, and if the present rate is continued a million men, exclusive of officers, will have been demobilised by to-day.

The highest figure reached for any one day is 38,000, which was accomplished last Tuesday. The maximum has therefore nearly been reached.

Another 1,300,000 men have still to be dealt with, and it is estimated that by the end of March, if the existing rate is maintained and there is no dislocation or transport trouble, the whole of the men to be demobilised will have passed out of the Army.

The question may, of course, arise as to whether, with the unemployment rate increasing, industry will be able to absorb these enormous numbers of men within the time specified.

This is a matter which no doubt will be considered by the Ministry of Labour, and if experience shows that the pace is too rapid it may be presumed that the demobilisation authorities will receive the order to cease, or at any rate to proceed more slowly.

ORDER OF RELEASE.

30,000 Pivotal Men Already Back in Civil Life.

No change has been made in the relative order of priority in which men are to be released.

First come the men released for the post-bellum army, while at the top of this list of men to be actually demobilised are the miners and the agriculturists.

Practically the whole of the miners, however, have now been released so far as England and France are concerned, and there only remain a comparatively few men in Mesopotamia and Salonika.

In the second category are placed pivotal men. Figures up to date show that cards had been actually returned of something over 30,000 men, that is men who had actually left their units for release.

A curious point which recent experience has shown is that it is now quicker to obtain too far inland, than from France, owing to the fact that these men being so far away, they are cabled for.

A man at Salonika may reasonably be expected to get home in about twenty-five days, while at the present time it is taking about a month in some cases to get men from Cologne. This position will no doubt improve.

At present there is a good deal of delay in getting released men back from the Rhine, but it is expected that there will be an improvement shortly.

The military authorities are carrying out demobilisation almost at the maximum.

THE AMERICAN ARMY.

A Claim and an Explanation—with a Difference.

General surprise was occasioned when certain figures were published at the beginning of the week by the American Army Command.

Those figures stated that on the date of the signing of the armistice, while there were 1,700,000 British troops in France, the United States had 1,900,000 men there.

These figures (says the Exchange) need some amplification.

The British figures include all the fighting men in France, but the American figures not only include the fighting forces but all the troops in training—which were a considerable number—and the auxiliary services.

The British reserves were, of course, being trained in this country, and not in France.

ROYAL PRIZE-WINNER.

Princess Arthur of Connaught as Authority on Nursing.

Princess Arthur of Connaught, who has studied nursing both at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, and at Queen Charlotte Lying-In Hospital, has been awarded the prize this week by the British Journal of Nursing for her competition paper on "Eclampsia."

THE 'HITCHIN' MYSTERY.

The police, after new inquiries into the mysterious death of Elizabeth Ridgley, the Hitchin widowed shopkeeper who lived alone, attach no importance to the finding on the kitchen table of two cups which had been used.

One had contained tea and a beaten egg, which was eaten off the bread in the afternoon, and the other the remains of cocoa, Mrs. Ridgley's evening drink.



Mr. Charles Arrow, ex-detective, who is reported as dead in a recent Blue Book. He is very much alive.

Maj.-Gen. Gerard Moore Heath, K.C.B., who has been awarded the Croix de Guerre by the French President.

"DADDY" IN HISTORY.

What the Late Commander Brock's Little Girl Will Find.

"IF I RETURN FROM STUNT."

A pathetic and inspiring story of heroism was told by Lieutenant-Commander Langley at a dinner last night given by the mess of the Stratford Naval Experimental Station.

A silent toast was drunk to the memory of their dead chief—Commander Brock.

Commander Langley said that before he sailed in the Vendictive Brock told him he had a little daughter.

"If I come back from this stunt," said Brock, "and she asks me what I did in the war I shall be able to tell her."

He did not come back, but that little girl will find what her father did in the great war recorded in the history books twenty years hence.

DRURY LANE.

Another Offer Made for the Famous Theatre.

The offer made on behalf of Mr. Oswald Stoll and Mr. Charles Gulliver for the purchase of Drury Lane Theatre has been referred to Sir Howard Frank for consideration.

Meanwhile an increased cash offer has been received from another source.

WOMAN CHASES THIEVES.

Plucky Effort to Catch Men Who Robbed Bond-street Jeweller.

Mrs. Allen, the assistant at Messrs. Arthur and Co., jewellers and silversmiths, of New Bond-street, who displayed great pluck when the premises were robbed in broad daylight, told her story to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"I was standing at the counter," she said, "when I heard a crash which at first I thought was an explosion, but on seeing the broken glass, knew it was a robbery."

"I rushed out and chased the thieves into Bloomfield-place, where I was tripped up. Then two men ran up and pretended to help me, but really held me down in order to let their friends escape. When I got on my feet again they had all disappeared."

The gang, it is estimated, numbered between eight and twelve men, and one of them broke the glass with a brick wrapped in paper, while others made off with a big haul, including some diamond rings.

Though her arm was badly bruised by the fall, Mrs. Allen was back at work yesterday.

£2,000,000 FOR AIRCRAFT.

American Buys Up the Entire Canadian Equipment.

TORONTO, Wednesday.

Mr. Roy Conger, of New York, a nephew of the United States Minister in Canada during the period of the Boxer troubles, has purchased from the British Ministry of Munitions the entire Canadian aircraft equipment.

The price paid is £2,000,000, and included in the purchase stock are 350 aeroplanes and 700 engines.

Mr. Conger says he intends to establish commercial aeroplane routes to Canada.

INDIA OFFICE ORGANISATION.

A Committee has been appointed to inquire into the organisation of the India Office and the relations between the Secretary of State and the Government of India. Lord Crewe is the Chairman, and the Committee include the Aga Khan and Mr. Harry Gosling.

DE VEULE CASE.

The De Veuille case will be heard at Bow-street Police Court to-day, and *The Daily Mirror* understands that Mr. Huntley Jenkins will represent Mr. De Veuille.

LAST OF THE NIMROD.

Sir E. Shackleton's Old Ship Dashed to Pieces.

10 OF CREW OF 12 DROWN.

Sir Ernest Shackleton's old exploration ship Nimrod was dashed to pieces on the Barber Sands, off Great Yarmouth, in the early hours of yesterday morning.

Ten of the crew of twelve were drowned. The two survivors, Mate Threlson and Boatswain Gregory, were washed ashore clinging to the keel of a capsized lifeboat.

They state that when the Nimrod, which was bound from Hull to Calais with coal, was seen to be doomed the crew got into the lifeboat, but were unable to free the craft from the davits, and it was dashed against the ship and overturned.

Six bodies, all believed to be those of members of the Nimrod's crew, were washed ashore last night.

One is said to be that of Captain Doran and another that of the chief engineer.

"BATTLE-JACKS."

Making Rabbit-Skin Clothes—A New Industry for Women.

Rabbit breeding, begun to increase food supplies, is being continued all over the country on the demand for skins by the furriers. Battle, in Sussex, is one of the first country towns where women make gloves and caps of rabbit fur.

"Battle-Jacks are fur caps, something like a Russian peasant's, with peak and ear-coverings which can be lowered in a wind," said Mr. J. Bailey, who started the industry, to *The Daily Mirror*.

"They are a local wear dating back centuries, even it is said, to the days of the Senlac battle."

"I have worked out the pattern from an old model, and Battle-Jacks made from rabbit skins will be seen all over England."

Five or six shillings instead of twenty or twenty-five, is the cost of village rabbit-gloves as compared with town prices for motoring gauntlets.

'CADI' WHO BROKE STONES.

Death of Mr. Fordham, a Witty and Human Magistrate.

The death has occurred at Royston, Herts, of Mr. E. Snow Fordham, magistrate at North London from 1898-1910, and afterwards at West London. He retired in 1917.

He had a stern sense of the law, but was witty and human. He did not like talkative women in court.

On one occasion he suppressed an old lady who complained of abuse by her neighbour because her crowing cock was a nuisance. The neighbour, the lady explained, was only a "russy old maid."

Mr. Fordham immediately suggested that the cock should be replaced by a hen, and then added: "There will be a lot of old maids together."

It was most concisely in his duties, and once tried his hand at stone-breaking in order to learn what the "task work" of the paupers was really like.

"FLU" IN AUSTRALIA.

New South Wales and Victoria Placed in Quarantine.

MELBOURNE, Wednesday.

The Federal Government has placed Victoria in quarantine. All theatres and indoor resorts, except the churches, are closed.

Three hundred and ninety-nine cases are reported to have occurred in Victoria, twenty-three of which have proved fatal.

New South Wales has also been placed in quarantine at its own request.—Reuter.

FOOD SHIP'S PERIL.

Efforts to Get American Steamer Off Goodwins Fail.

The U.S. steamer Piave (5,000 tons), bound for Rotterdam from America with a cargo of bacon, which ran on to the Goodwin Sands near the Gull lightship, is in a perilous position.

Efforts made to refloat her yesterday were futile. Her cargo is being thrown overboard, and the deal lifeboat is rendering assistance.

If the Piave is not soon got off she will become a total wreck.

RAILWAYMEN'S EIGHT-HOUR DAY.

The Board of Trade have arrived at an agreement with the Railway Executive Committee and the Railwaymen's Union giving effect to the principle of an eight-hour day as from February 1 on the basis of the existing conditions of service.

Where it is not found practicable to reduce the working hours to eight, overtime will be paid for all time worked after the expiration of eight working hours.

STRANGE STORY OF WHITTING COURT.

'House of Dust' Described by Medical Officer.

NURSING HOME DRAMA.

A remarkable story was told at the resumed inquest, at Hadleigh yesterday, into the death of Jessie Charlotte Spurling, aged forty-six, a patient at a nursing home known as Whitting Court, Daws Heath, Thundersley, which was maintained by a Mrs. Binstead.

At the last hearing it was alleged that the house, which was kept for the accommodation of imbeciles and epileptics, was in a terrible state of filth when Miss Spurling was found, and that she had been in want of food.

The proprietress (Mrs. Binstead) was paralysed. There were no servants, and the only person to look after the patients was another patient, a consumptive.

It was further stated that the rooms had not been properly cleaned for two years.

Mr. Harry Hall, an estate agent, of London-road, Southend, gave evidence of financial transactions with Mrs. Binstead, the proprietress, and said that in 1913 she gave him a power of attorney, but he exercised no control over the house.

The Coroner examined the power of attorney, and said it appeared to give power to the witness to assist in the management of the place.

Witness (emphatically): I have never done so. The Coroner: But you had power under it?—I believe so.

The Coroner: You had power to dismiss assistants and appoint others in their place—I have never employed anyone or discharged anyone. Mrs. Binstead would never allow me to do it. I was appointed simply to look after the mortgages.

"WILL THAT WENT INTO FIRE." When he first knew Mrs. Binstead, said witness, she was a capable woman. She was highly recommended by medical men, and always had a good class of patients.

Mr. Bygott: Did she leave you £500?—That is so, but the will is not in existence, as I put it on the fire. They wanted £100 to move, and I refused to advance the money. I took the fire and said: "I trusted your will, and on the fire it goes. I have the will in the presence of Mrs. Binstead and her niece, Miss Fimlin."

Dr. Macdonald, the Rochford Medical Officer, described the state of filth he found. Sanitary matters had not been dealt with for months.

Everything was covered with dirt and dust, and the bedding was filthy. He had never seen an institution in such a condition before.

Mr. A. C. Hodge, sanitary inspector, corroborated. He said the patients had now been removed and the house closed.

The inquest was further adjourned until February 19.

SPARTACISTS' 'KAMERAD.'

Public Bring Them to Heel by a General Strike.

COPENHAGEN, Thursday. The Spartacists at Cuxhaven and Bremerhaven have surrendered.

A state of siege has been declared in Wilhelmshaven. The Spartacists on Saturday night last took the railway station and occupied all the chief public buildings.

Their leader, a schoolmaster, named Torgler, issued a proclamation on Monday to the effect that Wilhelmshaven was an independent republic, and that he had established a court-martial there.

The reply on the part of the people was a general strike, and demand for imprisonment of the councils. This demand frightened the Spartacists, who eventually agreed to negotiate—Exchange.

NEWS ITEMS.

Baron Lambert Rothschild, governor of the National Bank of Belgium, is dead.—Reuter.

Cheerful—Burescombe (Devon) has decided to enlarge the churchyard as a war memorial.

Warships Leave Home.—Marlborough, Ajax, Benbow and Centurion, of the Grand Fleet, have arrived at Plymouth.

Fought at Lucknow.—Colour-Sergeant William Marks, who was present at the relief of Lucknow, has died at Portsmouth.

The Duke's Price.—Ebbw Vale District Council offers the Duke of Beaufort £5,000 for a housing site, the Duke asking £22,500.

A "Drowning" Surprise.—After dragging for the body of a man supposed to have jumped in the dock yesterday at Grimsby, the police found him alive at the station on their return.

BRAZILIAN SAILORS' TOUR.

A party of men from the Brazilian squadron at Portsmouth visited the torpedo school ship Vernon yesterday, and another party inspected the mining school, and another party inspected the body of the men at tea at the Naval Gunnery School, Whale Island.

CABINET REFUSE TO INTERVENE CLYDE STRIKE

ALLIES SEAL FATE OF HUN COLONIES.

Satisfactory Agreement Now Reached.

MANDATE QUESTION.

The fate of the German colonies has been sealed by the Peace Conference.

An official communiqué issued last night by the British Press Bureau stated that satisfactory provisional arrangements had been reached for dealing with the German colonies and the occupied territory in Turkey in Asia.

An account of the proceedings of the Peace Conference regarding the disposal of the German colonies and the territories of the Turkish Empire which appeared in certain papers yesterday, *The Daily Mirror* is officially informed, is "mischievous, inaccurate and entirely misleading."

M. Tardieu yesterday, says Reuter, said the French and British Governments now accepted President Wilson's principles of mandates for the colonies, subject to their approval of the methods by which those mandates would be given.

It was impossible to say how far these principles would apply to Turkish territory, as hitherto they had been discussed only in reference to the German colonies.

The Germans were asked to come to Paris until the Allies had reached an agreement on all points.

ORDER IN TURKEY.

Allied Military Chiefs to Consider Way to Shoulder Burden.

The President of the United States, the Prime Ministers and Ministers of Foreign Affairs of the Allied and Associated Powers, as well as the Japanese representatives (says yesterday's official communiqué), held two meetings.

It was further decided that the military representatives of the Allied and Associated Powers at Versailles should be asked to meet at once and present a report as to the most equitable and economical distribution among those Powers of the burden of supplying military forces for the purpose of maintaining order in the Turkish Empire pending the decisions of the Peace Conference.

After a discussion with the Polish and Czechoslovak delegates about the Silesia-Böhenia frontier fighting, says Reuter, the Conference Committee stated that it would be necessary to put an end to such acts, and proposed that the zone in dispute should be occupied by the Allies.

SOCIALISTS DISAGREE.

Mr. Henderson and Colleagues Leave Allied Labour Meeting.

PARIS, Thursday. The Socialists of the Allied countries held a meeting here yesterday preliminary to the International Conference at Berne.

The Belgian delegation confirmed the decision not to participate in the Berne gathering.

Mr. Henderson asked the Belgians to modify their point of view.

M. Vandervelde replied stating that personally he was a supporter of the Conference, but would respect the decision of his party, and he would place at the disposal of the Conference his mandate as president of the Internationale.

Mr. Henderson and the two British Socialists then left the sitting.

The Belgians protested at the conduct of the British representatives, whereupon Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and M. Longuet made another appeal to the Belgian Socialists.

They refused once more. They declared that the martyred towns of Belgium—Vise, Dinant, Louvain, Tournay—were applying for a war against the Kaiser for murder.—Central News.

WARSHIP ON THE ROCKS.

ROME, Thursday. A French man-of-war has run on the rocks near San Giovanni Pelago. Italian naval units are rendering assistance, but it is feared that the ship is seriously damaged.—Exchange.

KOLTCHAK'S SUCCESS.

From Helsingfors it is reported that parts of the Third, Fourth and Fifth Soviet Armies have been defeated by Siberian troops, under the command of General Koltchak, near Perm, says a Copenhagen Exchange message.

Full Steps Taken to Meet Strike—Glasgow Threat of "Unconstitutional Measures." UPHOLDING UNION LEADERS' AUTHORITY.

There was a grave development in the Clyde strike yesterday.

The strikers asked the Lord Provost of Glasgow to inform the Government that they wished the Government to intervene with employers. Having, they said, hitherto adopted constitutional methods in urging demands, they would, failing consideration being given to their request to the Government, adopt any other methods.

The Cabinet met and decided not to intervene on the ground that such action would undermine the authority of the trade union leaders, against whose advice the strikers came out.

MR. BONAR LAW'S REPLY TO THE DEMAND

Strikers Talk of Using "Any Other Methods."

The Lord Provost of Glasgow sent the following telegram yesterday to Mr. Bonar Law:—

"I have been waited upon by a deputation appointed by a largely-attended meeting of those who are dissatisfied with the present working conditions, and which was held in front of the City Chambers.

"The deputation consisted of eleven members, including Messrs. Shinwell, Kirkwood and Maclean, M.P. for Govan, and they requested me to represent to the Prime Minister and also to the Minister of Labour that they wished the Government to intervene with the employers in order to secure a reduction of the working hours to forty per week without any reduction in wages, so as to provide for those who had been demobilised and are without employment.

"It was further stated that they had hitherto adopted constitutional methods in urging their demand, but that failing consideration being given to their request by the Government they might consider would be likely to advance their cause.

"They have, however, agreed to delay taking any such action until Friday in order that I may be able to communicate your reply.

"I have just learned from the manager of the Electricity Department that all the men in the generating stations have been compelled to-day to join the strike and that only sufficient men will be allowed to run the plant necessary to provide lighting and power for hospitals and infirmaries and, possibly lighting of private dwelling-houses."

Mr. Bonar Law, in reply, said:—

"Your telegram has come to me in the absence of the Prime Minister, whose presence in Paris is necessary in the interests of the nation.

"THE PRECISE QUESTION."

"Action by Government Would Only Undermine Authority."

"The question of working hours which forms the subject of the representations forwarded by you is the precise question which is being dealt with at the present time between the employers and the duly-elected representatives of the trade unions chiefly concerned.

"In these circumstances the Government are unable to entertain requests for intervention made by local members of unions whose representatives are acting for them in conference with the employers.

"Such action on the part of the Government could only undermine the authority of those who have been chosen by the men to represent their interests, and would destroy the co-operation between employers and employed on which the hope of industrial peace depends."

With regard to the threat contained in the message of the strikers to the Prime Minister, *The Daily Mirror* learns:—

Government wish to avoid every provocative action.

Its bounden duty, however, is to make all arrangements within its power for preserving public order and protecting the lives, the property and the interests of the public.

All such arrangements have been made.

It is understood that Mr. Bonar Law's telegram to the Lord Provost was sent after a meeting of the Cabinet, at which the whole question had been carefully considered.

The view of the Government is that there is danger of trouble in the labour world being accentuated by a tendency to exaggerate the admittedly serious character of the unrest.

A comparatively small minority of workers aim at a complete revolution in the social system. To give undue weight to their attitude would strengthen their hands.

The great majority of strikers are actuated by no such motives.

Here is a sample of the non-representative position of these minorities. Two of those named by the Lord Provost cannot properly be said to represent trades unionism generally.

It is stated that Mr. Shinwell, although connected with the Seafarers' Union, has no official representation upon the unions directly concerned with the Glasgow trouble.

Mr. Kirkwood, who is connected with one of the unions, was deported early in the war for action regarded as inimical to the public interest.

The great majority of people out of work at Glasgow are not willingly out of work, but have been rendered idle by dislocation consequent on the strike.

Labour unrest generally is due to the following causes:—

War strain has affected people's nerves.

Completeness of our victory has induced belief that the millennium is almost with us.

People look, therefore, for a complete change in their condition.

The main point considered by the Cabinet yesterday was the question of Government intervention and its wisdom.

WHY CABINET SAID "NO."

Workers Came Out Against Advice of Leaders.

The Government's decision not to intervene was based on the following considerations:—

Strikers had acted against advice of trade union leaders.

Danger of undermining leaders' authority and playing into hands of strikers.

Intervention meant Government

Would ignore authority of trade union leaders.

Would claim to be a better judge of the merits of the dispute than the employers and trade union leaders directly concerned.

To take a concrete example: Representatives of employers and men in the shipbuilding and engineering trades recently came to a definite agreement for a forty-seven hours week.

There was discussion over some details, such as the position of new workers employed by piece-workers, but there is every prospect that these questions will be amicably arranged.

If the Government now decided to step in to secure a forty-hour week they would not only be upsetting the agreement reached, but would justify the employers if they said in effect: "If the Government is going to do anything in this matter we shall be free of responsibility."

The Government view, it is understood, is—

Labour disputes should be dealt with on lines recommended in the Whitley Report.

The subject of dispute must be submitted to duly-authorised representatives of employers and men and threshed out by these experts.

In the two trades now affected in Glasgow some such system as this is nominally in force, and appears to the Government to be an entirely reasonable method of dealing with the matter.

The time has arrived when the workman should get the largest possible share of the proceeds of his industry, allied to the enterprise and capital outlay of the employer, which can be given without injury to the industry concerned.

To make this possible, production must be increased.

There is evidence that a section of the workers are inclined to go back to the theory that the conditions of labour can be improved by the limitation of output, but all the signs of the times go to prove the fallacy of this attitude.

WORKERS WHO HAVE BEEN "TERRORISED."

Crisis Expected To Be Reached To-day.

BOARDED AT WORKS.

The industrial situation on the Clyde last night was exceedingly grave. It is expected that a crisis will be reached to-day, when the strike committee will again interview the Lord Provost to learn the nature of the reply he has received from the Government, and whether or not the Lord Provost is prepared to withdraw the tramcars from the streets, which the strikers complain impede their orderly processions.

Meanwhile the strike of the employees at the corporation's principal electrical power station has paralysed the industries which depend upon that department for motive power.

The department have sufficient reserves to meet the requirements for street lighting and public hospitals and infirmaries. The tramway service power is obtained from an independent station, and the loyal workers there are being boarded at the establishment to avoid any intimidation or massed picketing.

It is asserted that in many cases the artisans have been terrorised by the strikers.

Three thousand pickets were busy yesterday in Belfast, where all sorts of workmen, including the following, are out of work:—

Shipworkers	Carpenters
Engineers	Joiners
Rope-makers	Plumbers
Blacksmiths	Bricklayers
Electricians	

The rope works concerned is the largest in the world, and 4,000 employees have been rendered idle, making the number of strikers 64,000.

As regards London, the strike at the port (affecting 35,000 men) shows no sign of alleviation.

Many thousands of strikers, accompanied by four bands, walked yesterday from Dumbarton to the Royal Naval Ammunition Works, Alexandria. A deputation entered and demanded that those still at work should cease.

"P.M." BACK NEXT WEEK.

It is learned officially that Mr. Lloyd George will not return to England this week, and that some time next week will be the earliest date at which he is likely to arrive.

ALLIES' SIX DAYS' FIGHT WITH BOLSHEVISTS.

How We Withdrew to Shorter Line on Archangel Front.

There has been considerable activity on the Archangel front recently. A War Office statement gives the following details:—

On January 19 the Bolsheviks opened a bombardment of our lines south of the Ust Padena (on the Vaga, fifteen miles south of Shenkursk and 190 miles from Archangel), followed by an attack by 1,200 infantry, before which our outposts retired. Our main positions were held. On the same day some 1,000 Bolsheviks forced the Cossacks holding our line on the Terna River (eighteen miles west of Shenkursk) to retire four miles.

After continuous fighting Shenkursk was evacuated on January 25, only one gun and some stores being abandoned.

On January 25 an attack was also made on Tarasovo, but this was completely crushed by the Liverpool, British mountain gunners and local Russian forces. American troops also participated in these actions.

TROTSKY'S BLUSTER OVER PRINCES ISLAND TALK.

Call to Reds to Redouble Efforts Against World Bourgeoisie.

A telegram from Stockholm to the *Echo de Paris* states that Trotsky has issued an Order of the Day to his army intimating to the troops the project of the conference on Princes Island.

He explains to the Bolshevik soldiers that this proposition is a sign of weakness on the part of the Entente, and concludes by calling on the Red Army to redouble its efforts against the bourgeoisie throughout the world.—Exchange.

The Temps says that, besides the reply from the Archangel Government declining to send delegates to Prinkipo, a second reply has been received from the Government of Admiral Koltchak, which, without absolutely refusing to be represented at the Marmora conference, raises strong objections, and asks for further information.—Reuter.

MISCELLANEOUS.
GENUINE Watch Bargains.—Silver luminous wrist-
 watch, perfect timekeeper, bargain, 20s., worth double.
 List free.—Sharman, 9, Bournemouth-gardens, Folkestone.
A CURE for Deafness has been discovered which is com-
 plete and certain in results: everybody's opportunity. Full
 particulars of D. Clifton, 13, Bread-st Hill, London, E.C.4.

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, JANUARY 31, 1919.

FIVE YEARS HENCE?

GROUP your current newspaper headings in a note-book for a day or two: what will you find?

A series of alarm signals such as these:—
"Labour Nerves, Labour Unrest, No Settlement of the Strikes, Labour and Wages, An Eight-Hour Day, Shipyard Troubles, Transport Situation, The Clyde Trouble, The Plight of Belfast." . . .

Then you will find another series—
"Strikes Settled."

Strikes beginning, strikes ending: strikes ending, only to begin again!

Finally, you have the *advice* (copious enough) given by Ministers, or Labour leaders, to strikers—Sir Eric Geddes saying that we must all stand together, Sir Robert Home pleading for a resumption of work, and Mr. Samuel Gompers suggesting that we shouldn't rock the boat.

That is all.

But isn't it plenty to go on with?
It amounts, in brief, to industrial anarchy, and the *commencement* (to which Sir Eric Geddes appeals) has at least the right to ask how long we have to go on with it.

Is it to be the normal method of reconstruction?

If so, the reconstruction we've heard so much about will resemble the methods of Samson. The hero pulled the house down over his enemies—and over himself!

We fail to see this sense of the community present anywhere!

Labour in its sections obviously fails to see it.

For labour doesn't see it even as between trade and trade, within itself.

The hard-tasked worker hates the transport striker.

The transport striker doesn't like the soaring price of coal—due to strikes.

The coal striker hates the other fellow for preventing him from the usual holiday and change while on strike.

The humble working man's wife (as one of them told us the other day). "hates 'em all"—by which she means mainly those who make food dear, husband late, and everything impossible.

Put this way, pull that! So we "reconstruct."

Imagine it continuing for, say, another five years.

Under the ruins, then, you will have the muscular form of Samson—in posthumous triumph! That is, Labour will have permanently impoverished the community. Only from the wealth of the nation can it draw its own expected prosperity. Is it making the country prosperous at present?

These general thoughts (apart from local grievances) do, we believe, strike upon the older hands. Facts seem to show that the young men are those mainly out for trouble and "no compromise." Facts here and there show also that not all these irreconcilables are of British birth. One reads of speeches imported—from Russia.

We do not insist upon that curious symptom. It is quite enough to remind ourselves and others that war at home can but have that same effect as it has had at the front: the house tumbling about us.

Mr. Lloyd George used this argument of the ruined city and the devastated land to bring the League of Nations into life.

Will he have eloquence to use the same argument for workers and employers in Britain? Will they see the ruined House of our Commonwealth at home no less menaced by the new war methods of "direct action" in industry?

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Deep streams run still—and why? Not because there are no obstructions, but because they altogether overflow those stones or rocks round which the shallow stream has to make its noisy way. 'Tis the full life that saves us from the lifeless troubles of life.—William Smith.

THE PASSING OF THE "CAT" WOMAN.

A NEW SENSE OF COMRADESHIP AMONGST US.

By ONE WHO HAS PASSED.

I'M just thirty, so I suppose I ought to know my own mind. I think I do, thanks to the broader outlook and truer perspective of life I gained through the war.

But, until 1914, I am conscious that I belonged to the type of woman labelled "C.A.T."

And I had a good many friends in the same category. We all belonged to the class that hadn't enough to do, so scandal and gossip filled the hours.

"My dear, have you heard?" That was usually the prelude to our tit-bits of gossip, and they were usually tit-bits about other women.

We loved pulling reputations to rags.

There were no twelve good men and true on

—it wasn't done. If a girl slipped she might be sure of a helping hand. If she went wrong there was always another back to help bear her burden. In fact, I saw that woman's supposed inhumanity to woman was unknown among these real workers. There was the palship of understanding.

Many of those girls resented the welfare worker when first she arrived. They thought she'd come to "poke her nose into their business." But they were soon going to her as their best friend. It amazed me to see how that woman spent her life in helping her sister women. She was no cat.

NO MORE SCANDAL?

It was the same with the woman at the head of our department. We looked up to her as just and fair. She was down on incompetence, but she'd always a good word for ability and perseverance.

It was working in that factory which made me sheathe my claws in shame. I'd had enough of being a cat. And my opinion of my own sex went up by leaps and bounds

— WOULD EVEN THIS SATISFY SOME STRIKERS? —



An ideal working day that might lead to "industrial rest." Or it might not!—(By V. K. Haselden.)

our jury and, hearing bad, we loved to make bad worse. All because we led lazy lives and selfish lives.

No wonder men said: "If you want to hang a woman give another woman the rope."

But, thank goodness, that's all changed now!

Woman's inhumanity to her own sex is a thing of the past and must remain a thing of the past. I'm not pretending that all women were cats—far from it—but a good many lazy women were.

It wasn't until war sent us out into the world that we learnt of the temptations that beset some women, and then the wonder grew that we hadn't had more material for scandal. For the very first time many of us admired the strength of character found in our own sex. And for the first time, too, we learned how good some women are to each other.

For instance, I went into a munition factory where the majority of workers were poor girls.

It amazed me to find how true those girls could be to each other. "To split on a pal!"

through seeing just what some women could do.

But what really matters is that I have found the same change in most of my women friends of that pre-war era. I am never given the chance to talk scandal nowadays. Tittle-tattle over the tea cups and the telephone has gone out of fashion with women who went in for war work. The cat-woman is passing, or she has already passed.

Nowadays a woman can get fair treatment at the hands of her own sex. The milk of human kindness has been stirred up through the war and its trials.

It's a splendid advance, this fairness of women to their own sex that is growing among women. "Judge not, that ye be not judged," said the Great Teacher, and women remember those words when pity comes knocking at the door.

The change too was greatly needed!

For years the opposition to all generous movements in favour of womankind has been brought by other women.

I hope that as a sex we are going to be more loyal!

J. K.

HOME PROBLEMS.

OUR READERS DISCUSS SOME QUESTIONS OF THE MOMENT.

BELIEF OR CREDULITY?

"A. M. E." seems to think an "open mind" consists in refusing to listen to anything but worn-out legends! HEAR ALL SIDES.

NOT SO EASY!

"A. M. E." advises us to keep to the "True revelation." Easier said than done. Will he kindly tell us which is the true one? Every religion claims to have it, and that all other religions are false. DEVOUT.

"WAVES."

I HAVE read with interest "W. M.'s" article on "Waves," and take the liberty of making the following comment—viz., that although the ideas contained in the concluding words of the article is very good, it can never be carried out by merely human means.

It needs the great Wave Stillier to come and say, "Peace, be still." Before this troubled world will ever calm down, and the fact of the "Sea and the waves roaring" (which is a scriptural metaphor) as they are at present is one of the signs which Christ himself gave of his return to "rule the world in righteousness."

Then and not till then will there be "Glory to God in the Highest, peace on earth, good-will among men." V. L.
Digby-road, N.4.

PARSONS IN PARLIAMENT.

I WAS deeply interested in reading the article by the Rev. F. S. Myers, in *The Daily Mirror* on "Clergy M.P.s."

When the Prime Minister was asked if he proposed to remove the present disability by which the clergy are not eligible to sit in the House of Commons, he replied: "There was no demand for such a change on the part of the clergy themselves."

Well, surely this is the fault of the "clergy themselves."

I think that now is the time for them to wake up and insist on their proper and rightful share in the discussions and deliberations that are held in the House of Commons, and of the needs and welfare of the people, and on many necessary reforms.

The real parish priest, or parson, should be like the head of a big family: he knows the wants and needs of his family; he should be able to explain things that the ordinary member of Parliament knows nothing about; he is behind the scenes.

Surely the curate of Whitechapel knows more about the slums than the inhabitants of Park-lane!

A good parson would know what is essential to make the workers healthy in their homes and contented in their work. He should understand about the education of the children, and the management of the schools; for he is a constant visitor to the schools.

I am sure that it would greatly add to the usefulness and completeness of the new Government, and of the new world that is in the making, if the clergy again had their right to sit in Parliament as they used to do long ago—shall we say "in more enlightened days"?

HALLIE EUSTACE MILES (Mrs.).
40, Chandos-street, W.C.

"TOMBOYS."

A "YOUNG Wounded Soldier" evidently thinks a tomboy is a vulgar, loud-spoken, rough-mannered individual.

I do not agree with him. I have always understood a tomboy to be a "jolly" girl—full of health and spirits, full of fun and fond of all sports, though not at all lacking in feminine charm.

I take it your correspondent prefers the "clinging" babyish type of girl, who always wants someone to lean on, and lounges about all day reading or eating chocolates.

Being a soldier, I should think he would prefer the tomboyish girl, for it is she who has helped her country most in the time of stress.

Anyway, I do not admire his taste.

A JOELY TOMBOY.

SHORTER LETTERS.

SCHOOLS should certainly have a choice of games in summer term. At Eton and Winchester there's at least boating. Also at Oxford and Cambridge. Why not lawn tennis, then, for those who like it and hate cricket?—PETER.

Those unlucky men in marriage inevitably support divorce. The others don't worry! It is just the usual case of human selfishness and inability to see the other's point of view.—M. L. D.

Are the strikes such a "mystery"? I should myself say that their cause was obvious—desire (common to human nature) for more pay and less work. Is any other explanation wanted?—W. E. F.

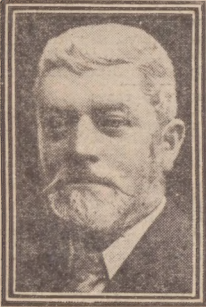
Women prefer smoking carriages. There are more men in them. That means they are certain of a seat however crowded the train. They never think of the men tired at the end of a day's work.—CITY MAN.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 30.—If a good collection is grown, irises may be had in bloom from now until the end of July in the open garden. The first species to come out is the Algerian iris (stolosa). This is a precious plant which sends up beautiful sky-blue blossoms during the summer months. It must be planted close to a hot south wall in poor firm ground, and some protection should be given the flowers during stormy weather.

Very early in the spring the exquisite netted iris (reticulata) appears; the violet and gold flowers are very sweetly scented. E. F. T.

SUDDEN DEATH



Mr. William Elliott, president of the Rugby Couraing Club, whose sudden death at a dance has just been reported. He was very popular at Rugby.

TO PROVIDE MORE HOMESTEADS FOR BRITISHERS.



At a Mansion House meeting in support of the British Homestead Association. Left to right in front row, starting at second figure:—Admiral Sir E. Fremantle, Mr. George Edwards, Mr. Victor Fisher, Mr. David Fell, the Lord Mayor of London, Hon. Mrs. Oliphant Murray, Kathleen Viscountess Falmouth.

A NAVAL HERO



Lieutenant-Commander Frederick William Robinson, D.S.O., R.N.R., who commanded the destroyer Gipsy which drove U-boat 48 on to the Goodwins.



SERVING "THE BOYS."—Charming waitresses at the Bird Cage Tea Room in Red Cross Shop, New York City. Among them are notable New York society leaders.



IN THE MARTYRED CITY.—President Wilson, while on a visit to Rheims, hears from Cardinal Lucon the story of the deliberate vandalism of which the Germans were guilty.



ON "OUR DAY" IN MALTA.—Field-Marshal Lord Methuen in an aeroplane at the fête organised by R.A.F. contingent in Malta in aid of the "Our Day" collection for Royal Red Cross funds.



FINE RECORD.—Sergeant-Major Coulter, of the Cheshire Regiment, who has been awarded a bar to his Military Cross. He holds D.C.M. and bar and Croix de Guerre.



NAVAL CHAPLAIN.—Rev. R. B. Swann-Mason, O.B.E., chaplain R.N., who has seen extraordinarily varied service during the war.



HUNNISH WORK.—In the interior of Douai Cathedral. Metal pipes from the organ collected by the Huns which they were unable to carry away when they were forced to evacuate the city in a hurry.—(Official.)

COLOUR JOY AT THE CONFERENCE.

PARIS GLIMPSES OF MEN WHO ENJOY THE SCENE.

From A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

Press Room, Quai d'Orsay.

"THIS is everybody's war," was an awed murmur in the Indian bazaars in our fighting day. And, seemingly, it's everybody's peace; for here are yellow men and brown, as well as coal-black, and many shades between, all helping "to make the world safe for democracy."

There's Koo and Sze of China, all Confucian maxims and suave bows. There's swart Faisal, of far-off Mecca—who, like Clemenceau himself, is "on the water wagon," and drinks no wine. There's Cuba, who suggests sugar in his smiling mien. There's Honduras, who stands for mahogany, there's Panama, whose hat is out of season now.

There's alert Sam (she sent us flying men); there's Guatemala and Nicaragua, tropic fellows both.

All these—according to the French Protocol—are "belligerent Powers with particular interests." I forgot to include the lurid Republic of Hayti, where a President who dies in bed is a downright disgrace. Hayti has a Hymn of her own against the Hun. Then we have a tinted group from below the Line. They're the "Powers in a state of diplomatic rupture"—though you wouldn't think it to look at them. "Broken relations," Paris calls them for short. They're Bolivia, Ecuador, Uruguay and Peru—whose bark is so healing in fever cases.

LIBERIA'S MERRY EVE.

With the Liberian negro I shall deal later, for I love the man.

All these are models of correctitude. They make no fuss, no protests, no speeches. They don't draw snarls and snaps from the caustic and worried Tiger, who crouches in that gold and crimson chair as President of our Parliament of Man. My chocolate and ink friends are superbly serene. They're in it, you may say, but not of it.

I saw Stephen Pichon meet Liberia's merry eve, and measure Liberia's smirk, which is worth a Bonar Law flight across the Channel to enjoy. And I fancied I could hear the Foreign Minister of France, musing in wonder: "Que diable allait il faire dans cette galère?" I doubt if Liberia could tell him!

I can't stay to dwell on the valiant part which Panama took in extinguishing the Hun. The Latin Powers, north and south of the Equator, followed Uncle Sam, and pounded Wilhelm with lofty sentiments till he saw Stars and Stripes where o'er he looked. Guatemala's a terror when she's roared!

And, oddly enough, Liberia looks to Woodrow Wilson, as a child does to his father. Only the other day this West African Republic (of ex-American coons) "touched" Uncle for another five million dollars. Liberian trade—largely oil-nuts for our ration of "marge"—was mainly in German hands. And the Hun had wireless stations in those inkly wilds.

THE COURTLY BLACK.

But the German monopoly—as Reuter told us with a strange lack of tact—was "badly hit by the British Black List!"

Liberia herself was "badly hit" by a German submarine. The murder-boat popped up off Monrovia—note the wistful Yankee leaning which the name of the capital implies. Liberia's London was cruelly shelled, and the whole Liberian navy was sunk.

Thereupon those American West African negroes declared war, breathing fire and scorn upon Kaiser Wilhelm.

What is more, this "Power with particular interests" sent over an expeditionary force of some hundreds of husky, grinning blacks, warranted to carry railway engines on their tough skulls without winking.

The "cullid gents" are not known by name.

I defy even America's five hundred Press alomths to christen that courtly black who is Liberia. I say I love the man. He fairly beams.

You know that his thoughts are pink, though his skin is black. His day's work is magnificent, being wholly contentation.

He reminds me of his dusky brother in North Carolina, who asked how he was getting on with his "rhythmic, gave a mile-wide grin. "Ah done learned 't add up do noughts, awright. It's dese dem figners dat bodder me!" And at night, Liberia retires to an excellent restaurant, where his modest meal (at thirty francs) is washed down with a bottle of the best.

How is it done?

A FORECAST OF "FEARFUL FEBRUARY."

SOME POSSIBLE STRIKES TO ENLIVEN NEXT MONTH.

By L. D. BROWNLEE.

FEB. 11.—M.P.s demand supply of best down-stuffed cushions for the Commons' benches. Government unsympathetic. Adjournment of House moved, motion that cushions be provided being carried by overwhelming majority. Government refuse to supply cushions, to resign or to do anything. M.P.s come out on strike.

Feb. 12.—Aldermen and sheriffs down tools, demanding a 12½ per cent. bonus and mock turtle soup at least twice a week.

Feb. 13.—Government, unable to endure solitude of Commons, give way and promise cushions. M.P.s, after marching twice round Hyde Park, resume their duties.

Feb. 14.—Grave unrest in the metropolitan dog world. Mass meeting on Battersea Common of what is said to be the Amalgamated Union of Canine Creatures, whose demands include, it is understood, the use of white flour in the manufacture of dog biscuits and a standard daily meal.

Feb. 15.—Ministry of Food stormed by infuriated aldermen and sheriffs, who allege they detected an odour of mock turtle soup escaping from a window of the Mansion House. Food Controller says bonus will be granted, and offers lentil soup daily. Three aldermen, and one sheriff faint on receipt of offer, which is indignantly refused.

Feb. 16.—No cushions having arrived, M.P.s again come out on strike.

Feb. 17.—General strike of metropolitan dogs, who refuse all food, disobey orders and adopt a very hostile attitude towards the public. Food Controller chased up Whitehall by savage Pekingese and forced to take refuge on Lansdowne Lion in Trafalgar-square. Alderman-Sheriff crisis acute—one alderman reported dead from inanition.

Feb. 18.—Water Services come out, objection being taken to the face of a highly-placed official. Strikers demand that (1) official be removed, or (2) be compelled to wear a mask. Grave shortage of water. Teetotalers terrified. Others unmoved. The taking of a bath forbidden under the Defence of the Realm Act. Food Controller (from his Lansdowne lion dugout) offers aldermen lentil soup twice daily. Offer rejected.

Feb. 19.—Cushions having arrived, M.P.s resume their duties.

Feb. 21.—M.P.s complain cushions are insufficiently stuffed, and come out on strike.

Feb. 22.—Ration books for dogs promised. Meanwhile pets to be fed on poultry and Devonshire cream. Great improvement in behaviour of metropolitan dogs. Food Controller able to leave Lansdowne Lion.

Feb. 23.—Promised ample down-stuffing for their cushions, M.P.s resume work (i.e., go back to the House). Food Controller offers Aldermen lentil soup twice daily and pea-soup on Sundays. Nothing doing.

Feb. 26.—Best down-stuffed cushions having been provided and a suspended member reinstated, M.P.s again attend at the House.

Feb. 27.—NO STRIKE.
(But wait till to-morrow. Already one M.P. finds his cushion uncomfortable; and the antiagassars-makers are getting restive.)



FUN IN THE SNOW.—Nurses at a Midland war hospital have some sport with a giant snowball.

SITUATIONS THAT WOMEN WILL RETAIN.

SUCCESSSES AND FAILURES OF THEIR WARTIME WORK.

By T. THORNE BAKER.

WOMEN have been engaged in practically every kind of work during the last three or four years. In some occupations they have excelled, and in these instances employers will desire to retain them even when men are again available.

The views of employers are of exceptional interest at the present time on this subject. Some say that women have acquitted themselves brilliantly in certain classes of work, but, on the other hand, in many cases they have failed to please because they lacked the long training and education of the men whose places they filled.

War-inspired energy and enthusiasm have not always made up for this deficiency.

In many of the big City offices, where several girls or women have been employed, at least one has shown sufficient ability to be added now to the permanent staff, and the result will be that in offices formerly staffed by men one or two of the desks will be occupied by women.

The heavy work carried on in factories—lathe and machine work—such jobs as window-cleaning, as well as those of the tram and bus conductors, will probably be given up only too willingly by women.

In the agricultural sphere women may remain, for the healthy outdoor life and farm food will always foster an energy that must be sapped in the wear and tear of factory life.

The manager of a big London motor establishment exclaimed emphatically that he would never employ another woman once he got his men back; the manager of a Sheffield steel works, on the other hand, said that a staff of six women he had trained as chemical assistants had proved so successful that he would never again have a man in his laboratory.

Motor driving is undoubtedly a job that will claim women in the future, more especially as the self-starting gear will be a feature of every modern car.

A big majority of women drivers during the war have been voluntary workers, and the question of a job does not arise with them. But women will certainly prefer in many cases to be driven by women in the thousands of small coupé cars now being constructed, where the driver and two occupants sit abreast.

What will be the verdict in a few months' time?

Will the feminine element disappear altogether from smart restaurants?

One thing is tolerably certain, and that is that, given a little time for things to sort themselves out, there will be ample scope for women, both married and single, to retain a large share of the jobs that were once looked upon as exclusively man's.

T. T. B.

A PRIME MINISTER'S UNDERSTUDY?

DELAYS CAUSED BY PRESSURE OF POLITICAL WORK.

By EDGAR HURD.

PUBLIC affairs are at sixes and sevens.

Everyone's nerves are on edge. Fresh troubles crop up daily, with fresh theories about mending matters. We are bewildered; also we are irritated by inefficiency. There is well-meant talk in abundance, but only niggling action, tinkering without success at details. Only strong, prompt schemes, broadly conceived and swiftly executed, are likely to be of practical use.

These we do not get.

Why? Is it the Government's fault? We have plenty of Ministers, and some of them quite able Ministers. But no individual Minister can act decisively on a big scale unless he has the backing of the Cabinet. And that needs the backing of the War Cabinet. And that means the backing of the Prime Minister. And the Prime Minister is generally in Paris, though he has had to return this week-end.

There, in all conscience, he has work enough on his hands.

If anyone supposed that the Peace Conference was likely to be an easy business to handle, he knows better by this time. Mr. Lloyd George will need every ounce of his powers to keep our end up.

For weeks, if not months, he ought not to be asked to think of anything else.

THE HARD-WORKED P.M.

As things are, Food Ministers and Reconstruction Ministers and Demobilisation Ministers, and the Lord Chancellor and a score of less important people, make (literally, sometimes!) flying visits to Paris in order to "confer" with the Prime Minister. And the Prime Minister has to switch off his mind from the Peace Conference—which needs the whole of it—in order to discuss home politics.

It is unfair to him. It is unfair to Great Britain—and we can't forget it—Ireland.

What happens? So far as possible, decisions are held over, "pending the Prime Minister's return." This applies to things small and great.

Take one of the small things for example. Important civil and ecclesiastical posts wait to be filled by the nomination of the Prime Minister. How can he, with the burden of the Peace Conference upon him, concern himself with such matters? He doesn't. The vacancies continue unfilled, causing much inconvenience and some positive mischief.

That is, relatively, a small thing. Look now at the big things.

Consider the state of Great Britain and Ireland to-day. If there were no Peace Conference, what would be happening?

Why, Mr. Lloyd George would be working day and night trying to put matters right.

Come down to one single question—the Labour difficulty.

A MULTITUDE OF QUESTIONS.

He would recognise that only a big and bold policy can help us there—and that it must be put into effect immediately. Other people see it too—Mr. Clynes, for example. But he has no executive power. No one in the Cabinet, even, has sufficient executive power. Only the Prime Minister has it. And the Prime Minister is in Paris with crushing work and responsibilities. So the bold comprehensive action in respect to Labour is not forthcoming—and we drift... whither?

Then there is the Irish question. And the demobilisation question. And—many others. Can any one man give instant and close attention to all these affairs and, at the same time, be our chief representative at the Peace Conference? The thing is impossible.

Equally impossible is it to suppose that we can just muddle along without effective leadership in regard to these home problems until the Peace Conference is over.

So we need here at home an understudy for the Prime Minister.

What does matter is that he should have a free hand without referring anything to Paris—power to lead and act, power to co-ordinate and control all the Government departments—precisely the same power, in fact, that Mr. Lloyd George would have and would use were he in Downing-street.

Things must be done, and done at once, else we shall plunge into disaster. Only a man with a Prime Minister's powers can do them.

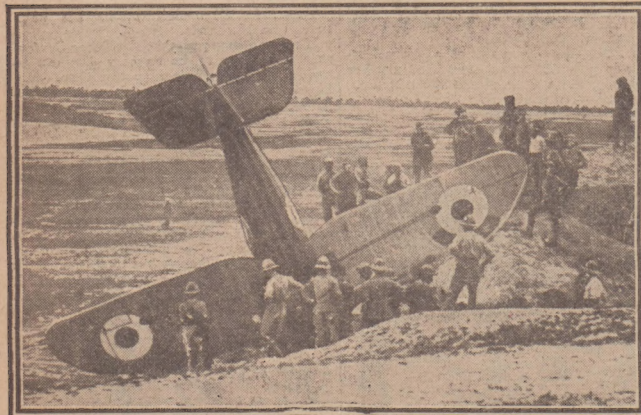
The Prime Minister is otherwise engaged. Therefore let us have a Prime Minister's understudy.

EDGAR HURD.

WHERE ASSYRIANS ONCE RULED



British staff officer interviewing party of Arab chiefs in Mesopotamia during the operations which finally broke the Turks.



A British aeroplane attached to the Mesopotamian force makes a decidedly bad landing. The problem of extricating it engages the attention of the experts.

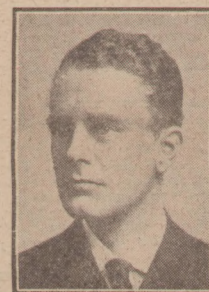
UNITED SERVICES MIDNIGHT MERRY-MAKI



Mrs. Harris in a most historical costume of the Directory period.



Mr. George Robey is in his element auctioning an item at the ball. Some



FOR BRAVERY.—Commander H. T. Dorling, who has been awarded a gold medal by the Swedish Government for saving the crew of a burning Swedish barque.



Rear-Admiral ... with one of his ... the ball. Having great fun at the United Services' Ball at the Albert Hall. (See Daily Mirror.)



FOR "PICTURES."—Mrs. Belcher, who will shortly make her appearance as a cinema actress. She designs her own gowns.



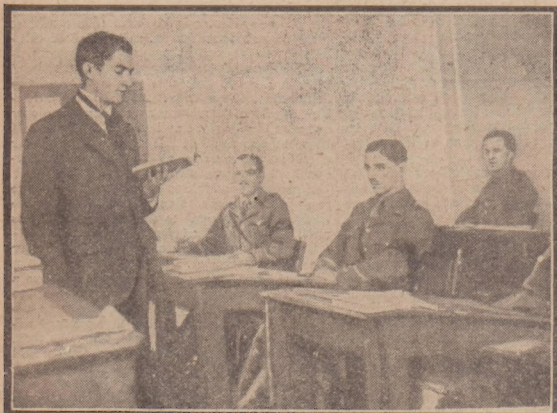
INFANT WELFARE.—Mrs. Herbert Samuelson, one of the committee for the Shoreditch Infant Welfare dance.



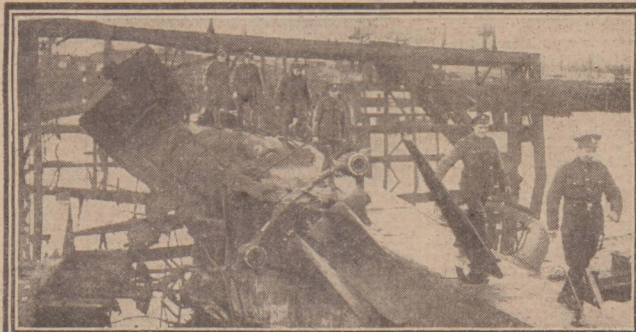
MENTIONED.—Matron Miss V. A. Billing, R.R.C., T.F.N.S.A., who has been mentioned in General Milne's Salonika dispatch.



DEMOLISING TRANSPORT.—Selling motors and motor-lorries at the Brixton Garage yesterday. Army officers in search of bargains augmented a good attendance of buyers.



YOUNG PROFESSOR'S TASK.—Professor William McGovern with some of the officer students to whom he is teaching the Japanese language at London University.



BLOWN UP BY THE HUNS.—British soldiers at the docks in Bruges are interested in the remains of German U-boats which were blown up when the enemy had to retreat.



OFFICERS' FRIEND.—Young Worthington at the Ministry. He looks after interested officers.

HT MERRY-MAKING AT THE ALBERT HALL

SNOWFALL IN PEAK COUNTRY.



element auctioning an at the ball. Somewhere about the midnight hour.



Rear-Admiral S. ... with one of his ... Having great ... at crew a bright and merry ... (Daily Mirror.)



PRINCE'S GIFT.—The Nizam of Hyderabad, who has defrayed all the expenses of the Hyderabad Imperial Service Troops, amounting to over £1,000,000.



Miss Edwards in the quaint costume which she entitled "Moonstruck."



Hostilities at a war hospital. "Tommy's" bomb-throwing experience gives him an unfair advantage.



The heavy snowfall has made this the only safe and sure means of conveyance by road. Heavy falls of snow in the Peak district of Derbyshire have provided much sport for those able to enjoy it, but have done much damage on the hill farms.



"REDS" WHO TERRORISED BERLIN.—One of the motor mounted patrols of Red Guards, with machine guns, which have for so long been terrorising Berlin.



ENGAGED.—Miss Doria Herbert, daughter of Sir A. Herbert, whose engagement to Captain M. N. Richardson is announced.



GOING HOME.—Miss Theodore Roosevelt, Jun., returning to the U.S.A. from her war work in France on La Lorraine.



NEW REVUE.—Miss Ivy Howard, who is shortly to take a prominent part in the new revue, "Laughing Eyes."



OFFICERS' FRIEND.—Worthington at the Ministry. He looks after interested officers' ...



SAVED FROM HUN BARBARISM.—Reinstating the sixteenth century stained glass windows in St. George's Church, Hanover-square, stored during air-raid period.



AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING.—Modern improvements make slow progress in the East. Camel traction ploughing on a desert farm not far from Gaza.

Broke Down after Malaria

Physical Wreck. Helpless with Nervous and General Debility.
Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Private C. H. Tyler, 132073, 12th Company, R.A.M.C., writing from the Royal Herbert Hospital, Woolwich, says:—"I want to thank you for the wonderful



Pte. C.H. Tyler.



Before taking
Dr. Cassell's Tablets

benefit I derived from Dr. Cassell's Tablets while suffering from debility after malaria. I went out with the 2nd Cheshire Regiment, and after serving in France was sent to Salonica in 1915. When I came to Blighty I weighed about 5 stone, and was gradually wasting away. I was taking food, but it was doing me no good. I had been in bed three months, when I began to try Dr. Cassell's Tablets. In a week or so I began to mend. I had been given up, but after a month of the Tablets I had put on 18 lbs. in weight, and six months later had got up to 10st. 8lbs., with plenty of energy and strength in my body. I am sending two photos. That in the Bath chair was taken before I had Dr. Cassell's Tablets; the other six months later."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the recognised home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown	Sleeplessness	Wasting Diseases
Nerve Paralysis	Anæmia	Palpitation
Infantile Paralysis	Kidney Trouble	Vital Exhaustion
Neurasthenia	Indigestion	Nervous Debility

Specialy valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the British Empire. Home Prices: 1/3 and 3/-, the 3/- size being the more economical.

FREE INFORMATION

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Why we like it.

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TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

The Temper of Belfast.

A well-known special correspondent said to me yesterday: "I am not a bit surprised at what is happening in Belfast. I was over there just before the war, and talked a good deal to the men in the shipyards. They are mostly of Scotch extraction, and hold rather paradoxical views."

Fighters.

"One after another they said, 'We're going to fight against being put under Dublin domination, and when we're settled that we're going to go for our own Labour leaders.' The bitterness they expressed against the Labour members of Parliament was extraordinary, and to me inexplicable at the time. Now one understands better."

February the First.

This is a day which will always be one of the greatest in the history of the Brigade of Guards. It is the anniversary of the great fight in the Chiswick brickfields, when the Coldstreamers and the Irish Guards won many honours, including O'Leary's V.C.

A Guardsmen's Widow.

The first husband of Mrs. Michael Wardell, who has just had a little son, was Lord Northland, of the Coldstreamers, who was killed by a chance shot in the Chiswick brickfields in 1915. By marrying again she carried out Lord Northland's wish in his will.

Heir to an Earldom.

Lord Northland was the heir of his grandfather, the Earl of Ranfurly. The present heir is little Viscount Northland, who is five years old.

Mostly About Lady Diana.

The third Albert Hall ball was a great success, but by no means the social function that the Victory or the Stage balls were. Lady Diana Manners, however, now over from buy-



Lady Newsholme, wife of the retiring Medical Officer of the Local Government Board.



Miss Enid Ballance, daughter of Sir Charles Ballance, is engaged to a peer.

ing gowns in Paris, was parading on the arm of Lord Wimborne, chatting with Lord Tredgar over the brim of his box, or nodding greetings to Admiral Fremantle as they passed in the dance.

To Glove or Not to Glove?

Lady Diana is one of the few women to wear gloves at a dance, but I have seldom seen her without. She wore a voluminous pink-flowered silk, a black tulle with a veil draped to her waist and gloves of blue kid.

Mrs. Wilson as Connoisseur.

A friend back from Paris tells me although Mrs. Wilson is such an excellent judge of precious stones she hardly wears any jewellery. One or two great French ladies have sought her opinion on pearls, for what she does not know about them is of no account.

Expert Judges.

A committee of experts, including Miss Phyllis Bedells and Mr. George Grossmith, are to judge eager fox-trotters and two-stoppers at Prince's to-night. The occasion is a function described to me as an "American Prize Dance," and I am told that the prizes will be worth the winning.

Mannequin Famine.

In a shop in Regent-street which caters for women I was told that there is a shortage of those lovely beings who show off gowns and things. They may be had from France, but French girls are not suitable for the display of English "creations."

A Good Judge.

One of the judges in *The Daily Mirror's* Beauty Competition will be a musical comedy star, who is by way of being a beauty herself. You will know her name to-morrow.

A Difficult Language.

Young diplomats are beginning to look serious—at the thought of having to acquire proficiency in Japanese. It is not an easy language for a Westerner to learn. Not many people speak it in this country, but Lord and Lady Swyngham are both quite fluent and have studied Japanese together for years.

F.M.'s Picture.

Few pictures of Sir Douglas Haig have aroused so much interest as that showing him on horseback congratulating a group of Canadians after an attack. "It is a particularly 'human' picture of the great British commander; and there are always people studying it at the Grafton Galleries."

Popular Photographs.

Indeed, the whole exhibition of Canadian photographs is very popular, and not only with Canadians in London. The provision of a band is a good move on the part of the promoters, and the music is always first-class.

New Dances.

There are changes and chances at the Gaiety. New blood is being infused, which is all to the good. Miss Rosie Campbell, a new dancer, will do a fresh version of the "Tinkle Toe" dance from Monday night on.

And the Old.

Talking about new terpsichorean manifestations—if I may so express it—the new jazzes and things find little favour in the eyes of some dancers. Especially do you find Navy men calling out for good old-fashioned waltzes, let the Army trot and jazz as much as it wants to.

An Outset.

There must necessarily be some outlet for the popular feelings when Peace Day finally arrives, and everybody is anxious to avoid the "malfeeling" scenes which began on Armistice Day and continued through that week. Mr. C. B. Cochran has suggested a Hyde Park Fair, where our natural exuberance may be harmlessly dissipated.

Refreshments.

Through the aridity of London after 9.30, some young bloods at a Shaftesbury-avenue theatre the other night conceived a bright scheme. They imported a couple of bottles of champagne into their box and about ten o'clock calmly sent to the manager to borrow some glasses! They had their nerve with them all right.

A New Terror.

A well-known owner, Mr. W. Parrish, has named one of his two-year-olds Yes, Uncle. I hope this fashion will not spread. Fancy bookies bellowing "6 to 4 The Importance of Being Earnest! 4 to 1 The Man from Toronto!" and so on.

'Varsity Boat Race.

The decision at the captains' meeting at Oxford to challenge Cambridge to a boat race at the end of the summer term is as welcome as it is unexpected. I do not suppose the race will be reckoned in the series.

Only a Rumour.

I am in a position to contradict definitely the rumour that the 'Varsity Rugby match will be played at the end of the season. It would be quite impossible to put representative sides in the field.

Some Job!

A woman friend rang up the police, saying that her place had been visited by a burglar. "I'll send someone up," answered a voice. "I suppose you took his name all right?" In justice, I should say that this happened in Scotland.

Aristocratic Tubos.

Before the war the tube stations in Mayfair and the regions adjacent did not do much business. Now they are as busy as any of those in less aristocratic quarters. Everybody "tubes" nowadays, though this does not wholly explain the present congestion.

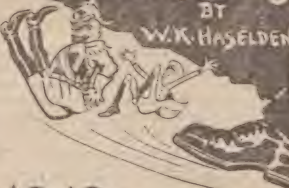
A French Ypres?

Now that the Belgians have resolved to leave Ypres untouched I wonder whether the French will preserve a similar poignant memorial of war's horrors? I consider that Lens is even more obliterated than Ypres, and it will be a marvel if it can ever be rebuilt, though Verdun and Rheims undoubtedly will be.

THE RAMBLER.

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MISSING SOLDIERS.

RIPLEMAN A. G. DULIEU, 324306, 2/6th London Regt., B Coy, 6th Division, missing September 7, 1917—Aldershot, Bournemouth, 40, Baitell-street, Forest Gate, E.7.

To returned prisoners of war, information regarding Second Lieut. R. T. Baxter, 2nd Auckland Batt., N.Z.C.F., missing July 30, 1917; then believed to be a prisoner, will be gratefully received by D. Baxter, 35b, The Chase, Clapham Common.

LIEUTENANT F. C. WELINKAR, R.A.F., reported missing and subsequently to have died June 30, 1918, in a German field hospital, Huesy. Will anyone with any information as to his latest kindly communicate with—Blossie R. Armstrong, Solicitor, Bank-chambers, Forest Hill, S.E.25?

GARDENING.

21 DAYS' Clearance Sale—Apple, Pear, Plum Trees, from 1s. 6d. each, and all other fruit-trees; seed of 21 kinds; Peas, 6d. to 1s.; Broad Beans, 6d.; Runner Beans, 10d. per pint; Spanish Onions, 8d. on; send for my catalogue of Trees, Seed, Potatoes—G. W. Letts, Seed Grower, 40, Huddell, Suffolk.



A new and exclusive picture of the Marchioness of Conyngham, who was Miss Tobin, of Australia.



Mrs. Douglas Riddell, whose husband is in the Warwickshires, works at the Maple Leaf Canteen.

RETURN POSTPONED.

News from the Fleet Street Front—The Strange Will of a Guardsmen.

MINISTERS ARE NOT MASTERS of their own movements just now. Mr. Lloyd George will probably not be able to run over from Paris this week-end, as he had intended, for the election of the Speaker. He may not come for another week, and there is more than a possibility that the dinner the Coalitionists in the new House of Commons were to give him and Mr. Bonar Law may have to be postponed.

At Work.

Sir Auckland Geddes takes over demobilisation work for his brother to-morrow. As a matter of fact, he is getting his neck into the collar already.

Coincidence.

I only learnt the other day that Sir Auckland Geddes and Sir Robert Horne were boys together at the same school. They are now engaged in the same kind of work as each other as Ministers. In fact, they are the right and left hands of demobilisation. This association is probably unique.

Aerial Post.

The air post between Downing-street and Paris has not been a success. On account of the weather the Premier's postbag has only gone that way two or three times and the attempt appears to have been given up for the present. Anyhow a cross-Channel service twice a day is now being started.

The Fleet-street Front.

Paper must be more plentiful, or something. According to the usually well-informed correspondent of the *Leeds Mercury*, a couple of new London "evenings," one under the direction of Lord Beaverbrook, will soon be in our midst. An era of keen competition is evidently setting in.

Daily Labour.

Nay, more. Labour is to have another sly at a daily of its very own. And the *Daily Dispatch* of Manchester will shift its headquarters to London. "The more the merrier," will be the unspoken thought of the "press," but fairly honest, newspaper man.

A Whip.

It appears that Mr. George R. Thorne, the chosen of East Wolverhampton, will be the Asquithian whip in place of Mr. John Guldand.

As whips are not supposed to speak very much, being otherwise engaged, the Chamber will lose an infrequent, but pleasing, orator. Mr. Thorne is one of the best speakers in the House.



Mr. G. R. Thorne.

have a fondness for solicitors, for the late H. R. Fowler (Lord Wolverhampton), who represented it for so long, was in that branch of the legal profession.

Physician-Politician.

Birmingham will miss Sir James Sawyer, a physician and politician, who kept the banner of Conservatism flying during the dark days when the Midland metropolis was overwhelmingly Radical. Sir James bitterly resented the "deal" by which Central Birmingham was retained by the Liberal Unionists, and practically retired from politics over it.

THE LOOSE TRAIL

By IOLA GILFILLAN

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

HELEN CARSTAIRS, a young and beautiful typist, who is engaged to
ROY DUNBAR, the assistant manager of the firm in which she is employed.
KITTY LATIMER, Helen's stepister, engaged to
Dennis Clare, a Canadian farmer, but in love with Helen's fiancé.
HUGH LONSDALE, who, masquerading as Roy Dunbar, has been living with Kitty.

THE MAN FROM CANADA.

THERE was a moment of breathless silence. Helen had risen, too, and both girls were staring in blank astonishment at Dennis Clare, who glanced alternately from one to the other. "Well, aren't you going to say 'How do I'?" he inquired calmly.

Helen recovered herself at once, and stepped forward quickly with hand outstretched. "This is indeed a surprise, Dennis!" she exclaimed. "I am glad to see you. Welcome back!"

Clare gripped her slim hand in his own big palm and grinned, nodding gratefully, but his glance turned immediately from Helen to Kitty.

"And are you pleased to see me, Kitty?" he queried, holding out his hand.

Kitty did not answer, but she gave him her hand, and before she realised his intention he had drawn her towards him, bent swiftly and kissed her on the lips.

The hot blood rushed to her face, and she recoiled from him swiftly, her dark eyes blazing in sudden indignation, her hands clenched.

"You had no right to do that!" she exclaimed, facing him defiantly, drawing herself up to her full height.

"You gave me the right nearly two years ago, Kitty," retorted Clare very quietly. The smile faded from his eyes, and his lips tightened ominously as he watched her.

"I don't surrender my rights without a struggle," he added.

"Won't you sit down, Dennis?" interposed Helen, anxious, if possible, to avert a scene, and realising that the atmosphere was already becoming electric and tense.

"You advise as you were coming? When did you arrive?"

Dennis Clare flashed a glance at her, nodded after a moment of hesitation, and seated himself. He was a little below about eight-and-twenty, nearly six feet in height, and decidedly good-looking. He was dark almost as a Spaniard, with black hair and moustache, and dark, passionate eyes—yet, withal, there was something decidedly English in his appearance and expression.

In the old days, before he left for Canada, he had been something of a dandy, with a discriminating taste in the matter of ties and socks, and would have reacted at the idea of wearing a coat which did not fit perfectly. Now he was attired in a well-worn coat of American cut and khaki riding-breeches and black leather leggings.

"I never occurred to me to advise you I was coming," he explained, stretching out his long legs. "In fact, perhaps I wanted to take you by surprise. I only arrived at Liverpool this morning from Montreal, and I came straight here."

"It wasn't exactly a pleasure trip. I left my farm as soon as I got Kitty's letter—didn't even wait to change my clothes or pack a grip—and here I am. I must apologise for my appearance. I'll get a new outfit to-morrow."

"Oh, please don't apologise, Dennis," responded Helen, with a side glance at Kitty, who had seated herself stiffly and was gazing fixedly at the grate. "Let me get you some coffee," she added, rising.

"Kitty and you must have a great deal to say to each other."

"Don't go, Helen!" exclaimed Kitty, looking up sharply with appeal in her eyes.

She was pale again and looked almost frightened. Helen, embarrassed and at a loss to know what to do, paused uncertainly, and Dennis Clare laughed abruptly.

"Oh, you needn't go, Helen," he remarked with a shrug. "You can stay if Kitty prefers it. I guess you know all about it—about Kitty having handed me the frozen mit, as they say on the other side!"

He turned with a smile to Kitty, who was regarding him with something akin to apprehension. "You needn't be afraid that I'm going to reproach you, Kit," he added. "I quite understand the situation."

Kitty drew a breath of relief, but motioned to Helen to sit down. She had no desire to be left alone with Dennis Clare, and was relieved to find that he was, apparently, going to take a "sensible" view of things.

His unexpected arrival had seemed to portend trouble, for she knew him to be a passionate, emotional fellow with a flare-up of anger. If he had been in London instead of in distant Canada she knew she would never have dared to treat him as she had done, and now she was rather afraid of the consequences. She had decided, however, that she had acted wisely, for it was obvious that life in Canada had "coarsened" Dennis, and that he had, to judge by his clothes, become quite an "impossible person."

"I am glad you understand," she said with forced calmness. "But I don't see why it was necessary for you to come home as soon as you received my letter breaking off the engagement."

"Well, you see, Kit, I realised at once that I had been away too long," Clare responded, leaning forward and clasping his big hands round his knees. "The old proverb about absence making the heart grow fonder is tosh, as far as most girls are concerned. Absence makes the heart grow fonder of some other fellow, I guess, and the man who is two or three thousand miles away finds himself out of the run-

ning unless he acts promptly and gets back into the game."

"I will leave you to discuss the matter between yourselves," Helen murmured, but he put out a detaining hand as she moved towards the door again.

"I'd like you to hear what I have to say. Helen, you know all about it. I reckon, and I'd like you to hear me say my piece and give me your support."

Helen sat down with a little resigned smile. She sincerely hoped that Dennis and Kitty would make it up and that all would be well, for she liked young Clare. Kitty, however, was wearing an expression of cold disdain, not unmingled with resentment.

"So here I am, back in the game," resumed Clare. "I came away instantly, as I have told you."

"I realised, Kit, that some guy had been taking advantage of my absence to try to take my place, and that, maybe, you were forgetting me and getting tired of waiting. So I shipped back to spoil the other fellow's game and assert my rights."

Kitty started, her face flushing, but he grinned at her consoledly.

"To-morrow, little girl, I am going to buy a special licence, and I am going to marry you and carry you back with me to Canada inside a month," he continued.

"I guess I have made enough to furnish a decent little place now, and things are going well. I don't blame you, my dear, for having got tired of waiting, and I suppose the other fellow, whoever he is, couldn't help falling in love with you, although he must have known he was poaching."

"But we won't talk about that, Kit. We'll just kiss and make it up, little girl, fix the date of the wedding, and arrange for Helen to be bridesmaid."

"You brute!" gasped Kitty passionately, quivering with anger as she broke from him. "You brute! How dare you!"

"I won't marry you—I won't! I hate you, and I meant every word of what I wrote to you. I don't want to marry you. Our engagement was a mistake. I care for someone else, and you must make the best of it."

She was scarcely conscious of what she was saying, so angry was she. That Dennis should dare to adopt a masterful tone, should treat her as a child who didn't know her own mind, and should announce his intention of marrying her and ignoring her letter, infuriated her, and that he should dare to kiss her seemed adding insult to injury.

Kitty had plenty of spirit and a very good opinion of herself, and she was not going to be mastered by any man. Had Dennis come to her as a humble suppliant, begging her to restore him to a place in her affections, assuring her of his love and admiration, and promising to be her devoted slave, she might, perhaps, have decided that it was not worth while to worry any more about Hugh Lonsdale, and would have made it up. But that Dennis should appear in old and shabby clothes, refer to his rival as a "guy," and take it for granted that she would be prepared to kiss and make it up was intolerable.

A MASTERFUL MAN.

DENNIS CLARE stood gazing at her, his deeply-tanned face slightly pale, his dark eyes glinting ominously, his jaw jutting pug-naciously. Never had Kitty seen him look so stern, and her glance wavered for a moment. But she had plenty of courage, and anger and resentment keyed her up.

"The best thing you can do is to go back to Canada," she added unsteadily, with a defiant glance.

"I quite agree," answered Clare in dangerously quiet tones. "But when I go back I am going to take you with me as my wife. I hold you to your promise, Kitty, and I refuse to believe that your love has turned to hatred."

"Our engagement wasn't a mistake, and you promised to wait for me, to wait until I had made a home. We have been engaged for over eighteen months. I love you, and it is for you I have been working. You are coming back with me, Kitty."

"I won't!" blazed out Kitty passionately. She was really angry now, and quite reckless. "Nothing will induce me to marry you. My love for you is dead, and—and I am going to marry someone else."

"Not if I know it!" snapped Dennis Clare, stung to passion by her callous words. "You're mine; you promised to marry me, and I hold you to your promise."

"I love you, and I'm not going to let any other man take you from me. Understand that! I'll kill any man who tries to take you, by Heaven I will!"

"Dennis, Dennis, please don't get excited!" interposed Helen, stepping between them as they faced each other.

She had never admired Dennis Clare so much as she did at that moment, and her heart was hot with indignation against Kitty. She loved a masterful man, and she thought back through her mind that if Roy had spoken as Dennis Clare had done, if he had refused to be rebuffed and had vowed to take her by force if need be, she would have been unable to resist him, and would have surrendered herself and confessed her love. She found herself wishing that Roy had been as masterful and as passionate as Dennis, and wondered, if Kitty had any love for the man before her, how she could end it in her heart to deny him.

She wheeled round to Kitty, flashing a look of reproach and appeal at her.

"Kitty, how can you be so cruel!" she ex-

claimed. "You should be ashamed to talk to Dennis in this fashion. You know."

"Please mind your own business," interrupted Kitty, flaring with resentment. "I am quite capable of managing my own affairs. You have no cause to pose as a saint yourself. You threw over the man you were engaged to and wouldn't listen to any explanations, so why should you expect me to listen to Dennis and change my mind?"

Helen shrank back involuntarily, the colour fading out of her face, her blue eyes filled with pain and vexation. "That Kitty should have flung such a taunt at her after all that had happened wounded her to the quick, and she was seized with an irresistible impulse to retaliate."

"I threw him over because he had been making love to you," she flashed back at Kitty. "He is unworthy, and not to be trusted, but it seems he has won your heart and you are prepared to wait until he chooses either to marry you or finally throw you over. You have jilted Helen for his sake, and now you are going to wreck two lives."

Her voice broke, and Kitty shrugged her shoulders and sneered. She was furious that Helen should have retaliated and revealed the real state of affairs in the presence of Dennis Clare.

"You know nothing about it, and I will thank you not to interfere," she snapped. "He loves me, and I am going to marry him." She looked up at Dennis Clare, who was regarding her with burning eyes.

"I mean it, Dennis. I tell you again that my love for you is dead. I don't want to marry you or to go to Canada. I am in love with another man, and it is useless to talk."

She made a movement as if to flounce past him, but he gripped her arm and held her fast.

"Who is this other man?" he demanded, with such passion and fury in his voice and eyes that Kitty cried out faintly in alarm. "Who is this fellow who has stolen away your love from me and turned you against me?"

"Tell me—answer me! I'll make him give you up, or else . . . Kitty, who is he?"

"Let me go, you brute!" gasped Kitty. "You are hurting my arm. I won't tell you, I won't! It is nothing to do with you."

"His name is Roy Dunbar," said Helen in a clear voice. "He is assistant manager of the London branch of the Fairbank Shipbuilding Company."

Helen never knew what impelled her to speak at that moment. Perhaps it was a desire to pacify Dennis Clare and to end a scene which was becoming painful. Perhaps it was that strange and totally inexplicable tendency to wring her heart anew which comes sometimes to the woman who has suffered all the pangs of misery and despair.

Helen never knew what caused her to speak, but no sooner had she spoken than she regretted it.

Dennis Clare looked round at her, his dark eyes blazing, and his dark face twitching and his eyes blazing.

"Roy Dunbar," he repeated, and his grasp on Kitty's arm relaxed. "Thanks for the information . . . I'll deal with him, and if he won't give Kitty up I'll kill him!"

"I mean that," he said again between set teeth, his dark face contorted and the veins at his temples and in his neck swollen with the violence of his passion. "He deserves it for stealing your love away from me and turning you against me."

He turned suddenly and blundered out of the room, and a few moments later the two girls heard the hall door bang behind him as he left the house. The sound seemed to restore Helen's scattered wits, and she flung out her hands to Kitty.

"Go after him, tell him it will be all right, and that you mean to marry him," she gasped out in frantic haste. "Tell him you are sorry, Kitty, and that you didn't mean what you said. Oh, please, please! Don't you realise that he is desperate, and that he means to shoot Roy?"

"Well, it is your fault if he does," retorted Kitty snappishly and resentfully. "You told him the name, and you are to blame if anything happens. Not that I suppose anything will happen."

"But—but, don't you understand," cried Helen. "He may kill Roy Dunbar!"

"Oh, don't be melodramatic!" exclaimed Kitty impatiently, shaking off the hand which Helen had laid on her arm. "You have only yourself to blame if there is trouble. You were trying to make things unpleasant for me, and now you can take the consequences."

Helen wrung her hands in distress, almost frantic with anxiety.

"Kitty, you must do something," she said breathlessly. "You love Roy and want to marry him, and . . ."

"I don't!" interrupted Kitty coolly. "I told you weeks ago that I found I had made a mistake, that I loved you, and that you could have him. That was true."

"Do not miss to-morrow's instalment of this fascinating serial."

"Here's a find,"

I thought to myself, when I first tested Rowntree's Cocoa. I was feeling tired after a long day in the yard, but the cocoa soon put new life into me. That was weeks ago, and you'd think the spell of

it would wear off after a time, but I like it more every time I taste it. As Dad says, 'It seems to grow on one.' It's lucky it's so inexpensive—I've worked it out, and it costs less than a halfpenny a cup."

A Cup of Rowntree's Cocoa

makes a biscuit into a meal

Rowntree's Cocoa

makes a biscuit into a meal

Rowntree's Cocoa

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Dennis Clare looked round at her, his dark eyes blazing, and his dark face twitching and his eyes blazing.

"Roy Dunbar," he repeated, and his grasp on Kitty's arm relaxed. "Thanks for the information . . . I'll deal with him, and if he won't give Kitty up I'll kill him!"

"I mean that," he said again between set teeth, his dark face contorted and the veins at his temples and in his neck swollen with the violence of his passion. "He deserves it for stealing your love away from me and turning you against me."

He turned suddenly and blundered out of the room, and a few moments later the two girls heard the hall door bang behind him as he left the house. The sound seemed to restore Helen's scattered wits, and she flung out her hands to Kitty.

"Go after him, tell him it will be all right, and that you mean to marry him," she gasped out in frantic haste. "Tell him you are sorry, Kitty, and that you didn't mean what you said. Oh, please, please! Don't you realise that he is desperate, and that he means to shoot Roy?"

"Well, it is your fault if he does," retorted Kitty snappishly and resentfully. "You told him the name, and you are to blame if anything happens. Not that I suppose anything will happen."

"But—but, don't you understand," cried Helen. "He may kill Roy Dunbar!"

"Oh, don't be melodramatic!" exclaimed Kitty impatiently, shaking off the hand which Helen had laid on her arm. "You have only yourself to blame if there is trouble. You were trying to make things unpleasant for me, and now you can take the consequences."

Helen wrung her hands in distress, almost frantic with anxiety.

"Kitty, you must do something," she said breathlessly. "You love Roy and want to marry him, and . . ."

"I don't!" interrupted Kitty coolly. "I told you weeks ago that I found I had made a mistake, that I loved you, and that you could have him. That was true."

"Do not miss to-morrow's instalment of this fascinating serial."

"Here's a find,"

I thought to myself, when I first tested Rowntree's Cocoa. I was feeling tired after a long day in the yard, but the cocoa soon put new life into me. That was weeks ago, and you'd think the spell of

it would wear off after a time, but I like it more every time I taste it. As Dad says, 'It seems to grow on one.' It's lucky it's so inexpensive—I've worked it out, and it costs less than a halfpenny a cup."

A Cup of Rowntree's Cocoa

makes a biscuit into a meal

Rowntree's Cocoa

makes a biscuit into a meal

Rowntree's Cocoa

makes a biscuit into a meal

Rowntree's Cocoa

makes a biscuit into a meal

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makes a biscuit into a meal

Rowntree's Cocoa

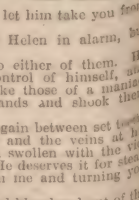
makes a biscuit into a meal

Rowntree's Cocoa

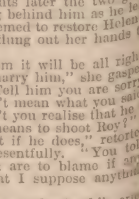
makes a biscuit into a meal



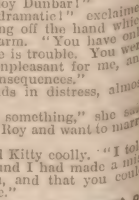
Helen Carstairs.



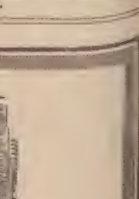
Dennis Clare.



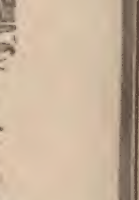
Kitty Latimer.



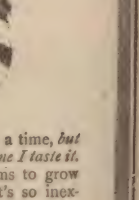
Hugh Lonsdale.



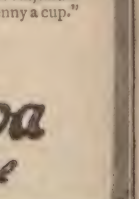
Roy Dunbar.



Helen Carstairs.



Dennis Clare.



Kitty Latimer.



Hugh Lonsdale.

WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO BE SHELLLED.

Wonderful Pictures of Life at the Front.

THRILLS ON CANVAS.

What it feels like to be in the middle of a salvo of bursting shells, the sensation of waiting for the rum ration in a mouldy dug-out, the going-up-the-line feeling—these are among the things portrayed in an extraordinary exhibition of pictures at the Goupil Gallery, Regent-street, W.

The artist is Mr. Wyndham Lewis, who has been on active service in France with the artillery from the beginning of the war. In the intervals of strenuous fighting he has endeavoured to picture the hundred and one thrills and sensations of life at the front. He calls the pictures simply "Guns." "An interpretation of what I took part in in France." They are an attempt "to give a personal and immediate expression of a tragic event.

"THE RUM RATION."

Comedy of "Tommys" Who Look As If They Wanted Some More.

One picture called "To Wipe Out" above all others strikes the eye as one enters the big room—five gigantic columns of blue steel rising up from pink ruins against a canary-coloured sky. "It is the expression of a vast explosion, of a gigantic force suddenly released," said a critic. "That is what it feels like when five shells explode all round you." Another picture, "The Rum Ration," is unaccountably humorous. Four "Tommys" and a quartermaster-sergeant, in Assyrian-like attitudes, are grouped together in a dug-out. One "Tommy" is holding out his mess-tin for his ration. There is a grim look on the faces of the men, as if they are quite satisfied with their portion. The Q.M.S. holds the jar, and appears more contented.

KILLED BY "BLUE" BOOK.

Famous Detective Still Alive and Drawing His Pension.

A famous detective, Mr. Charles Arrow, formerly superintendent of the "C.L.D." and later organiser of the Barcelona detective force, has been "killed" by a Government Blue Book. The minutes of the Select Committee of the Lords and Commons on the Criminal Law Amendment Bill contain the evidence of Sir Mackenzie Chalmers, who was formerly Permanent Under-Secretary for Home Affairs. Evidence was given as to the blackmail in certain cases and it was vouchsafed the "information" that Mr. Charles Arrow, who was "invented" a great many cases, is now dead. During the war Mr. Arrow has had the direction of a detective force and munition works. He stated yesterday that he was still alive and was still drawing his pension after twenty-six years in the "C.L.D."

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Profit Taking in Oils—Drapery Shares Firm.

The stock markets were on the dull side to-day. War Loan eased to 94 15-16, French 5 per Cent. to 88 1/2. In Industrials iron, steel and engineering shares were weakish (Vickers 40s.), but Lyons wanted. Acreated Breads easier, 3 13-16; new mentioned in conjunction. Profit-taking continued in Oils. Mex. Eagles 25-26, were all off colour after their recent spurt of extreme buoyancy. Rubbers were dull. Now that unrestricted production is in progress in anticipation of the revival of demand the question is arising whether a few months hence a considerable accumulation of the commodity may be available at Singapore, if labour troubles and Government restrictions hamper trade rehabilitation. Anglo-Dutch were 32s. Java Investment 35s. 3d. In Mines Kafirs were dull to steady, but smaller West Africans continued bright. Abnormal 30s. 4d. Rops were firm, 22s.

"DORA" AND CYCLISTS.

The Cyclists' Touring Club is petitioning for the withdrawal of two Defence of the Realm Acts and the compulsory use of red rear lamps and the equipment that both lamps must be lighted from half an hour after sunset till half an hour before sunrise.

SENT HOME BY UNITS.

How the Canadian Corps Is Being Demobilised.

CHANCE TO SEE RELATIVES.

A statement from Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Currie, G.C.M.G., Canadian corps commander, relating to the demobilisation of the Dominion troops has been issued by the Canadian War Records Office.

As long as the corps constitutes part of a larger military organisation, such as an army of occupation, it must remain a fully organised unit from a military point of view. For that reason it is impossible to demobilise any part of it in a manner which involves men being withdrawn for any other consideration than a military one.

If men were withdrawn on account of length of service, occupation, etc., it is conceivable that all administrative services of the corps would break down and the corps become immobile. These services are made up in many instances of men who have been withdrawn to a particular service after long experience in the firing line.

The principle governing the demobilisation of a division is that the men should be sent home by units, in order that the organisation under which they have been controlled, supplied and fought should remain in existence as long as possible.

It is believed that men will arrive in Canada happier and more contented and with discipline better maintained if the unit organisation is adhered to until the last possible moment. There are so many members of the Canadian corps who were originally resident in the British Isles, and who wish to see again relatives and parents before they return to Canada, that more applications for leave to England were received than could be granted.

Cordially sympathising with this desire on the part of the men, and in order that all might be treated on the same basis, it was found that the most likely possible way in which to meet the wish of the men was that the divisions should be returned to Canada via England. This has been arranged.

WINDSOR PROGRAMME.

1.0—THE "V.A.D." HURDLE RACE, 100 yards; for maidens at starting: 2m. 7s at 11 1/2
MY MEMO (Mr W. Holland).....Private 6 11 1/2
W. AMAN (Mr W. Holland).....Private 6 11 1/2
MINSTREL (Mr B. Walker).....Hartigan 6 11 1/2
Above arrived.
CON GREGAN (Mr A. Connelley).....Gore 6 12 3/4
EVAN (Mr E. Caldwell).....Caldwell 6 11 10
STEFAN (Mr Douglas-Pennant).....Gwillf 6 11 10
TOM (Mr Ford).....Private 6 11 10
ST ELOI (Mr P. Heybourne).....Bell 6 11 10
PLYMOUTH (Mr J. Owen).....Gore 6 11 10
ANTIPATER (Capt J. Rogers).....Gore 6 11 10
PENNY PICKWICK (Mr Bottomley).....Hare 5 11 6
ROYAL FLUSH (Mr G. Hild).....Private 5 11 6
KAFFIR KING (Mr E. Downes).....Hampson 5 11 6
SIMPSON (Mr Beckwith-Smith).....Poole 5 11 6
DERISION (Mr H. Trimmer).....Nightingale 5 11 6
HURRY ALONG (Mr F. Watte).....Hunt 5 11 6
WILSON (Mr W. Wilson).....Whitton 5 11 6
SWINERTON (Mr M. Clapham).....Private 4 10 10
ST. VIVES (Mr F. Fleming).....Smith 4 10 10
SUPPORT (Mr R. Jeffrey).....Piton 4 10 10
BUZZ OFF (Mr J. McLean).....McGowan 4 10 10
GRANT (Mr R. T. Noland).....Selling 4 10 10
L.10—THE PADDOCK SELLING STEEPHEADS; 100 yards; 2m.
CAMELEON (Mr H. Weston).....Newey 4 12 7
LITTLE BROTHER (Mr G. Axil).....Poole 4 11 6
BATH (Mr G. Sivier).....Sivier 4 10 12
MIND THE PAINT (Mr A. Powell).....Poole 4 10 10
Above arrived.
WITSON II. Mr F. Stewards.....T. Wilson 4 12 1
HARLEIGH (Mr H. Reddy).....W. Smith 4 11 10
WARRINE (Mr G. Poole).....Poole 4 11 10
JOHNSON (Mr W. Wren).....Payne 4 11 3
LOOMIAN (Mr T. Butler).....Private 4 11 1
ABANEX (Mr H. Bradford).....Bradford 4 11 1
2.0—THE ROYAL HANDICAP HURDLE RACE; 100 yards; 2m.
WADSTONE (Mr D. Stuart).....Hysms 4 12 4
WALZ (Mr H. Brown).....Newey 5 11 11
IVINGTON (Mrs Robertson).....Poole 4 10 4
Above arrived.
SHINING MORE (Mr R. L. Rich).....Gwillf 6 12 7
PENNANT (Mr E. Caldwell).....Caldwell 6 11 9
PENNY PICKWICK (Mr Bottomley).....Hare 5 11 6
DOCTOR RYAN (Mr G. Marsh).....Gore 4 11 6
TROYAN (Mr B. Smith).....Poole 5 11 2
THE SETTLER (Mr W. Henhall).....McGowan 5 11 2
ABANEX (Mr H. Bradford).....Bradford 4 11 1
ALEXANDER (Mr R. Hartley).....Piton 5 10 4
DOUBLE DECK (Mr F. Fleming).....W. Smith 4 11 10
3.0—THE "WRENS" SELLING HURDLE RACE; 100 yards; 2m.
CAROL SINGER (Mr J. Bayly).....Newey 4 11 7
LONDERY (Capt W. Rawley).....Newey 4 11 7
SON OF MELTON (Miss Varrat).....Butchers 4 11 7
Above arrived.
CANITE (Mr Bottomley).....Hare 4 11 7
VARECE (Mr T. Butler).....Private 4 11 7
GLATZ (Mr W. Compson).....Hunt 4 11 7
MONARD (Mr R. Gore).....Gore 4 11 7
JOLLAN (Mr W. John).....Hunt 4 11 7
RONALD (Mr G. Marsh).....Gore 4 11 7
NORTHCOURT (Mr H. Challenor).....Private 4 11 3
4.0—THE "B.E.F." HANDICAP STEEPHEADS; 100 yards; 2m.
SHAD SPADAR (Mr P. Alpine) (7th ed) Hysms 4 12 3
BRIDGE IV. (Mrs A. Challenor).....Poole 4 11 10
Above arrived.
WAVESTER (Capt J. Blaby).....Whitton 4 12 2
ALLY SLOPER (Lady Nelson).....Hastings 4 11 11
TOP HOLE (Mr F. Parnell).....Payne 4 11 6
MENNABY (Mr F. Hysms).....Hysms 4 11 6
THE KNOCKS (Mr P. Nelke).....Gore 4 11 6
FARQUE (Mr G. Sanday).....Sanday 4 10 8
MASK OFF (Mr A. Sanday).....Private 4 10 8
GERALD I. (Major Scott Murray).....Gwillf 5 10 2
5.0—THE "CARRY-ON" STEEPHEADS; 100 yards; 2m.
QUILLS (Mr Giebelhausen).....Goby 4 12 0
RANVILL (Capt M. P. Smith).....Gordon 4 12 0
BERNERA (Mr A. Weller).....Hartigan 4 12 0
FIVE LARK II. (Capt Wilcock).....Private 4 12 0
MARK HACK (Mr E. Willis).....De Winton 4 12 0
GERALD I. (Major Scott Murray).....Gwillf 5 10 2

For "Bouvier's" selections and other racing news, see page 15.

Aerial Wolf Hunt—Aeroplanes helped in a wolf hunt along White River Bottoms, the airman using the wind's movements and directing the hunters—U.S. Wireless.

LONDON JOINT CITY & MIDLAND BANK

LIMITED.

ESTABLISHED 1856.

Authorised Capital - £41,450,000 0 0 Subscribed Capital - £34,428,948 0 0
Paid-up Capital - £7,172,697 10 0 Reserve Fund - £7,172,697 10 0

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HEAD OFFICE: 5, THREADNEEDLE STREET, LONDON, E.C.2.
JOINT GENERAL MANAGERS.
S. B. MURRAY, F. HYDE, J. F. DARLING, E. W. WOOLLEY, R. RICHARDS.

Dr. LIABILITIES AND ASSETS, 31st December, 1918. Cr.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	Cr.	£	s.	d.
To Capital Paid up, viz.:				By Cash in hand (including Gold Coins £20,000,000) and Cash at Bank	63,756,371 2 7		
£2 10s. 6d. per Share on 2,869,079 Shares of £12 each	7,172,697 10 0			" of England	2,001,486 12 7		
" Reserve Fund	7,172,697 10 0			" Cheques on other Banks in transit	65,809,169 12 4		
" Dividend payable on 1st February, 1919	481,879 10 0			" Money at Call and at Short Notice			
" Balance of Profit and Loss Account, as below	675,097 14 7			" Investments			
	15,472,372 13 5			" War Loans, at cost (of which £482,979 15s. is lodged for Public and other Accounts) and other British Government Securities	57,465,504 19 3		
" Current, Deposit and other Accounts	354,838,435 12 6			" Stocks Guaranteed by the British Government and Indian Railway Debentures	466,583 12 0		
" Acceptances on accounts of Customers	13,145,849 2 11			" British Railway Debenture and Preference Stocks, British Corporation Stocks	1,112,725 19 8		
				" Colonial and Foreign Government Stocks and Bonds	1,410,465 18 10		
				" Sundry Investments	1,145,481 10		
				" Bills of Exchange	39,849,396 3 2		
					232,416,975 1 8		
				" Advances on Current and other Accounts	99,213,614 15 6		
				" Advances on War Loans	14,218,201 2 1		
				" Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances	13,145,849 2 11		
				" Bank Premises, at Head Office and Branches	3,762,337 6 7		
				" Belfast Bank Shares—£50,000 £12 10 0 Old Shares £2 10 0 paid. 150,000 £12 10 0 New Shares	1,145,481 10		
				" Cost of Shares—£1,237,500 0 0 Less paid premium on Shares issued	477,610 0 0		
					755,690 0 0		
					£363,516,657 8 10		

Dr. PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT for the year ending 31st December, 1918. Cr.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	Cr.	£	s.	d.
To Dividend at 10 per cent. per annum for the year ending 31st December, 1918, less Income Tax	919,885 10 5			By Balance from last Account—ending 31st December, 1918	735,705 5 6		
" Reserve Fund for future Contingencies	600,000 0 0			" Net profits for the year ending 31st December, 1918, after providing for all Bad and Doubtful Debts	2,700,530 13 11		
" Salaries and Bonus to Staff serving with H.M. Forces and Bonus to other Members of the Staff	489,182 14 7						
" Bank Premises Redemption Fund	100,000 0 0						
" Officers' Pension Fund	100,000 0 0						
" Staff Widows' Fund	60,000 0 0						
" Reserve Fund	599,097 14 7						
" Balance carried forward to next account	675,097 14 7						
	£3,434,115 19 7				£3,434,115 19 7		

EDWARD H. HOLDEN, CHAIRMAN AND MANAGING DIRECTOR. R. MCKENNA, DIRECTOR.
W. G. BRADSHAW, DEPUTY CHAIRMAN. W. S. M. BURNS, DIRECTOR.
ALEXANDER H. GOSCHEN, DEPUTY CHAIRMAN.

AUDITORS TO THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE LONDON JOINT CITY AND MIDLAND BANK, LIMITED.
In accordance with the provisions of Sub-section 2 of Section 113 of the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908, we report as follows:
We have examined the above Balance Sheet in detail with the Books at Head Office and with the certified Returns from the Branches. We have also ascertained that the Balance Sheet is drawn up in accordance with the provisions of the Companies Act, 1908, and the Bills of Exchange, and have verified the correctness of the Money at Call and Short Notice. We have also verified the Securities representing the Investments of the Bank and have obtained all the information and explanations we have required, we are of opinion that the Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the Company.

WHINNEY, SMITH & WHINNEY, CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS, Auditors.
LONDON, 14th January, 1919.

THIS BANK IS THE PROPRIETOR OF THE BELFAST BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED



Cuticura

Clear Away
Pimples
and
Dandruff
with
Cuticura

The Soap to Cleanse and Purify
the Skint to Soothe and Heal

These fragrant, super creamy cleansers stop itching, clear the skin of pimples, blotches, redness and roughness, the scalp of itching and dandruff, and the hands of chaps and cracks. In purity, delicate medication, refreshing fragrance, convenience and economy, Cuticura Soap and Ointment make the skin the most discriminating. Ideal for every-day toilet uses.

Soap to cleanse, Ointment to heal. F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 47, Charterhouse Square, London. Sold every where.



Drummer Dye-deas.

BLINDS, CURTAINS, AND TEA COSIES.

Drummer, the marvellous little dye-chap, makes wonderful economies by making last year's furnishings like new again.

For a copper or two (pay no more than the price printed on the packet) he gives new delicate artistic shades to all your faded hangings. Think of the pounds you can save by home dyeing, and all for a few coppers too!

Try Drummers on the following:—
Tapestries, Table Covers, Dusters, Sets, Cushions, Covers, Blinds, etc.

Drummer Dyes are sold by Chemists and Street Grocers. Write for Booklet, "The Art of Home Dyeing."

W. EDGE & SONS, Ltd., Bolton.
And at 25, Princes Street, Toronto, and 15, Valentine Street, New Bedford, Mass., U.S.A.

TO-DAY IS THE LAST DAY FOR "DAILY MIRROR" BEAUTY COMPETITION ENTRIES



Has been employed on the clerical staff of the Midland Railway at Rotherham.



On work of national importance since the outbreak of war.



Has done useful service as munition and aeroplane worker.



Worked for some time as manager of a Derbyshire farm.



Painter's assistant on the Midland Railway for two years.



A war-worker with a first-class record of service.



A busy worker for three years on the land near Liverpool.



Three years' munition work, with evenings at V.A.D. hospital.



As a V.A.D. nurse she has done excellent service.



MILAN WELCOMES U.S. OFFICERS.—U.S. naval officers in the cars that drove them through the streets of Milan. They received a great welcome to the city, and were cheered by thousands of people as they passed through the streets.

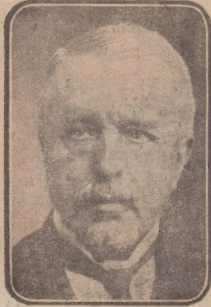


DEMILITARISING OFFICERS.—The officers' demobilisation centre occupies a house near Victoria Station. The demobilisation ceremonies only occupy half an hour. The ex-officer is allowed to wear uniform for a week.

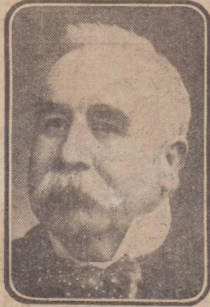
Daily Mirror

Friday, January 31, 1919.

HAVE JUST PASSED AWAY.



Sir James Sawyer, the well-known Birmingham physician, whose death is reported. He was distinguished in medicine and a keen politician.



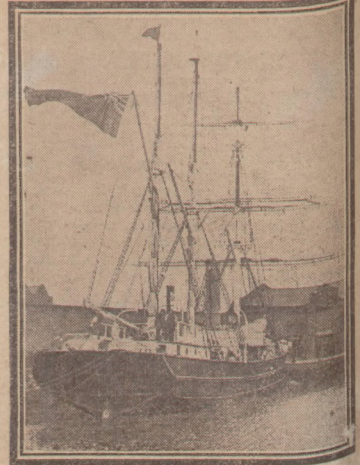
Mr. Edward Snow Fordham, formerly a notable Metropolitan Police Court magistrate, who has just died at sixty-one years of age.

GIFT TO PRISONERS' FRIEND.



The Lord Mayor of Manchester presenting a gold watch to Mrs. Hilton in recognition of her work at depot of parcels for civilian prisoners interned at Ruhleben Camp.

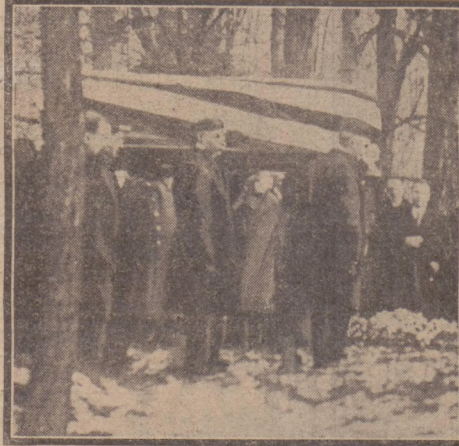
THE SEA ALWAYS WINS



Sir Ernest Shackleton's old Antarctic exploration ship Nimrod, which has been wrecked off Great Yarmouth.



AT THE GAIETY.—Miss Rosie Campbell, who, with Mr. Henry de Bray, is to introduce new version of "Tickle Toe."



Arrival of the coffin at the graveside.



Ex-President Taft in the procession of mourners.

BURIAL OF EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.—At the funeral of the late ex-President Roosevelt. It was a simple but impressive ceremony, worthy of the great man who was laid to rest.



BEAUTY PRIZE.—Silver Echo, the distinguished winner of principal honours at the Atlantic Cat Club Show, N.Y.



IN NEW PRODUCTION.—Miss Helene Williams, daughter of late Colonel T. G. Williams, will make an appearance in "Laughing Eyes."



ROYAL DUKE AND BOY SCOUTS.—The Duke of Connaught with Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell at the annual meeting of the Boy Scouts yesterday.—(Daily Mirror.)